ICE 75¢

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Twilight of the WASP

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England: the Crunch

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

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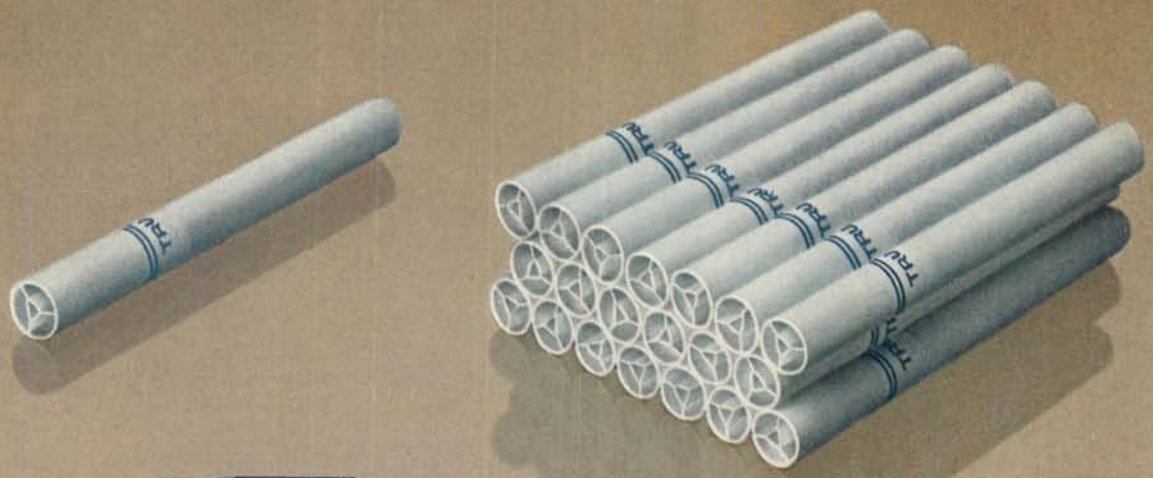

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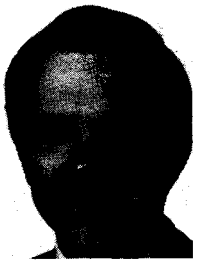

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Letters

Voices for Freedom

I read with great interest Jean Gimpel's article on the decline of our civilization ["The Greying of America," Nov. 26]. However, I was aghast at the reforms he advocates. Consider the "creation of an office of National Economic Planning" (like that of the USSR?), or how about "increased measures to encourage innovation as well as executive and labor productivity" (*what* measures? Gimpel does not tell us), or even "attacks on technology and science should be toned down . . ." (what will happen to attackers who do not wish to tone down?)

A word eloquently absent from his list of reforms is "freedom."

Does Mr. Gimpel see no correlation between the decline of a civilization and an increase in its governmental controls? Slaves do not innovate; men who are not allowed to think, won't; capitalism, which has made possible our high level of "technical innovation," is not compatible with government controls. As the welfare-statists choke to death the last remnants of capitalism, we can take heart by realizing that the likes of Kissinger, who believes that some mysterious "historical forces" favor the Russians, did not defeat us; we defeated ourselves, by defaulting on our responsibility as free men to let our voices be heard in vigorous defense of freedom. If they are not heard soon, the only voices that will be heard will be those of Jean Gimpel and friends saying they told us so.

Norwalk, Conn. JOSEPH H. GAFFEN

School Days

Avenged again! Vicariously, anyway, in the November 12 issue . . .

—by Mr. Hart ("The Minimum School"), on all those grown-ups who smirked at the Dickensian diatribes for Child Liberation that I delivered as a very bored fifth-grader;

—by Mr. Kirk ("Cacophony"), on the dreary Student Center of New York University, where last year my already fragile sanity and still more sickly study habits were assaulted by a huge old Zenith bellowing Alpo commercials and *General Hospital*. It was replaced this year by a fourth-rate disc jockey named Sherlock who, just as I was starting to grasp Cost-Benefit Analysis, saw fit to torment his fellow scholars with "Build Me Up, Buttercup."

Thanks to my own School of Continuing Ed. for an especially congenial issue.

New York, N.Y. BRENDA BECKER

Jeffrey Hart's "The Minimum School" is one of the greatest ideas that I have heard in many years. My compliments.

Try to put it into effect in any public school system, though, and you will be attacked by at least three allegedly separate (but actually interlocking) cadres of bureaucrats and their friends.

The National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers will be on your neck, as will their state and local apparatus. You will, you see, be taking the bread out of loyal teachers' (and unionists') mouths.

Next, you will be subject to pressure from the state department of education and the county board of education because if there are fewer subjects taught, there is less to "administer" and therefore fewer administrators, and the fewer administrators there are, the less need you have for clerical personnel.

And if you cut the clerical job roster, you are attacking another holy of holies—the Civil Service.

If you think you can't win for losing, help de-elect the Big Brother pols who saddled you with the social engineers.

Columbia, S.C. LEO L. FOX

Brzezinski's New Order

In "Carter's Kissinger" [Oct. 1] Henry Paolucci has gravely misinterpreted Zbigniew Brzezinski's views on what the major underpinnings of United States foreign policy should be. Paolucci is correct in asserting that Brzezinski believes in undermining the sovereignty of national governments, but he then goes on to give the reader the impression that Brzezinski has no other reason for advocating such a policy than some vague, groundless desire to overthrow the government. That, of course, is wholly untrue. Brzezinski merely

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1976.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept. NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label, or facsimile.

RATES: *$31.50 a year ($17.50 for the 48-page issues, and $14.00 for 8-page issue published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $2.00 for Canada, $3.00 for other foreign subscriptions. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.*

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holds that at this point in history the problems facing man can no longer be adequately handled by the traditional political structures. Since the old forms are bound to die anyway—no matter what man does—we might as well prepare for the future by beginning today to construct new institutions.

Paolucci committed other errors as well: Brzezinski does not advocate the complete destruction of agencies "which still have the force and authority to quell domestic disorders"—he merely maintains that such agencies will have to be adapted to the new order. Furthermore, Paolucci demonstrates a serious lack of understanding of Brzezinski's position when he implies that a President who followed Brzezinski's advice would break his "solemn oath to preserve the nation"; for according to Brzezinski the oath no longer has the relevance in this technetronic age that it had in the nationalistic age in which it was composed. One may criticize Brzezinski's position, but one should first understand it.

Cherry Hill, N.J. HOWARD KURTZMAN

Hailing the Queen

Re Chilton Williamson's article "They Almost Stole the Bicentennial" [August 20]: Mr. Williamson might have included among the blunders on the occasion of the Queen's visit to the White House that at the high point of the evening, when the President of the United States took the Queen of England in his arms to begin the ball, the band struck up none other than "That's Why the Lady Is a Tramp"!

Baton Rouge, La. WARD BOND

Canadian Analogy

Thomas O'Flaherty ["Letters," Oct. 29] concludes his defense of Provo terrorists in Northern Ireland with an unfortunate analogy to America: "Should the six Northeast U.S. states be occupied by Russia, Germany, and France and the natives try to expel them, would you call them thugs?"

In fact, there are such "states," loosely affiliated with *England*, no less! I refer to Canada. Like the Orange majority in Ulster who refused to join an Irish republic, the Canadians refused to join an American republic. To the question whether anyone trying to bomb Canadians into an American republic would be a "thug," the answer would hopefully be obvious.

Boston, Mass. HUGO S. CUNNINGHAM

Changes in the Church

In recent issues of *NR*, Mr. Paul Williams [August 6] and Father John J. Lynch [Oct. 29] went at it relative to the changes in the Catholic Church. As I read, it became increasingly and painfully clear that the Church made a serious error in failing to apply managerial authorities' principles on dealing with change. These authorities note that change is always necessary, mostly because the premises on which plans are based are constantly changing, but suggest

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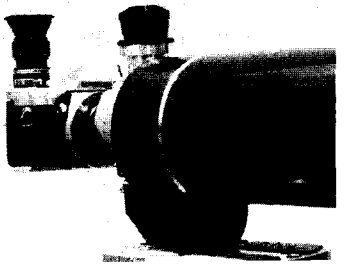

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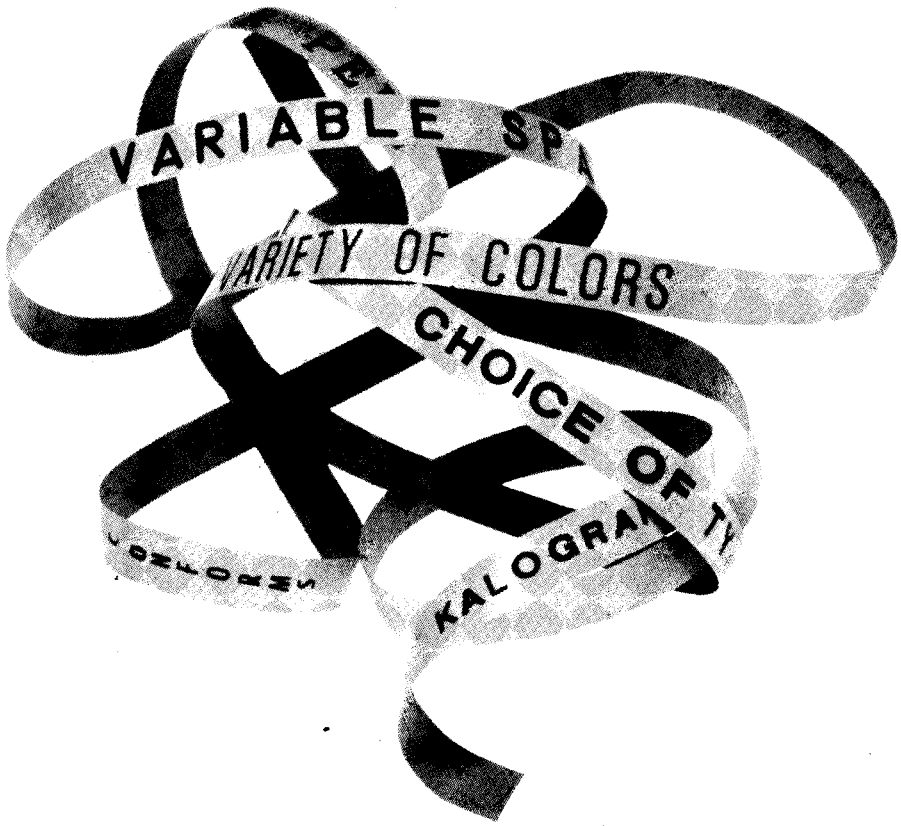

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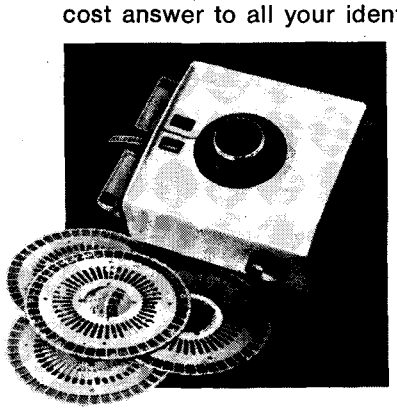

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that change is more acceptable 1) when it is thoroughly understood, 2) when it does not threaten security, 3) when those affected have helped create it, 4) when it results from an application of previously established *impersonal* principles, 5) when it follows a series of successful changes, 6) when it is inaugurated after earlier changes have been thoroughly assimilated, 7) when it is planned, not experimental.

The Church's failure to follow the suggested or similar guidelines is the reason why I personally found the changes obnoxious. They were and are simply being shoved down one's throat. I disagree completely with Father Lynch's observation that critics of the so-called reforms are nominal Catholics who (out of superstition, social pressure, or inertia) only go through minimal motions.

New York, N.Y. CHARLES V. WALSH

The "Tridentine" Mass is substantially unchanged from the time of Charlemagne, which means that Christians have worshipped God thereby for most of the Christian era. One can approve the permission of the vernacular yet deem the *prohibition* of the old Mass a monstrosity. Does the Pope or the bishops have the authority to annul the holy tradition, and is not the old Mass its chief jewel? Does the holy tradition exist or was it merely a means of transmitting the Pope's wishes, slightly inferior to the telegraph? Where is the "democracy of the dead" that Chesterton saw in the Catholic Church? When Pius V (who wasn't modest about his prerogatives) imposed the Tridentine missal on the Church, even he acknowledged that any contrary usage at least two hundred years old might continue. Since the Middle Ages the Curia Romana has grown more temperate (more Evangelical in the strictest sense) in its relations with secular rulers and more arrogant and high-handed with its flock.

Yonkers, N.Y. PETER SAFFOS

Choose Your Bigotry

Vladimir Sokolov-Samarin was pressured into resigning from the faculty of Yale because of antisemitic editorials he wrote over thirty years ago in Nazi-occupied Europe ["Aptheker and Samarin at Yale," Nov. 26]. The September Newsletter of the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights (1100 West Wells Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53233) reports that this year a Yale biology professor, Clement Markert, is inserting anti-Catholic propaganda into his biology classes. This is current, not past bigotry, but there is little danger that his colleagues will pressure him to resign.

Malverne, N.Y. MARTIN W. HELGESEN

The Truckers and Their Union

I'm not sure just how much "Living Well Is the Best Revenge" [July 23] is merely your writer's idea of vitriolic commentary and how much it represents the natural effects of dilettante labor reporting. In any

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Dinah ★ Please ★ Here Lies Love ★ Wa-Da-Da ★ Mississippi Mud ★ Tain't So, Honey, Tain't So ★ My Suppressed Desire ★ Makin' Whoopee ★ I'll Get By ★ Susianna ★ If I Had You ★ Let's Do It ★ The Spell of the Blues ★ My Kinda Love ★ Till We Meet ★ Louise ★ I Kiss Your Hand, Madame ★ Baby, Oh Where Can You Be? ★ Without a Song ★ Can't We Be Friends? ★ Gay Love ★ If I Had a Talking Picture of You ★ After You've Gone ★ Sweet Sue ★ You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me ★ Livin' in the Sunlight, Lovin' in the Moonlight ★ How Long Will It Last? ★ St. Louis Blues (take A) St. Louis Blues (take B) ★ My Woman ★ Paradise ★ Lord, You Made the Night Too Long ★ Sweet Georgia Brown ★ Cabin in the Cotton

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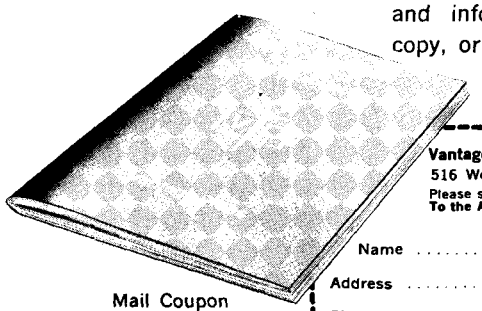

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DOUBLEDAY

event, let me help along your awareness of Teamster realities.

1. The International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen, and Helpers of America is a closed operation; its well-oiled machinery is controlled *from the top*. If Fitzsimmons *has* a constituency, it is the horde of Vice Presidents, Conference and Joint Council Officers, Organizers, and other flunkeys who are willing to perpetuate his term of office; it is *not* the rank-and-file truckers. Additionally, one of the more subtle side-effects of increasing participation by employers in the enormous health and welfare and pension funds has been to establish a strong community of interest with the IBT. In a union which has never even paid lip service to such abstract concepts as conflict-of-interest or fiduciary responsibility, the leadership have become Labor Executives, members of the Club.

2. A clear distinction must be acknowledged between these Teamster leaders and the general membership. The latter have had no discernible control over either the major policies or the minor aberrations of their leaders since the days of Old Dan Tobin. This state of affairs is sustained by the policies of the National Labor Relations Board and preserved by the collective attitudes of the courts. Thus, the average trucker is not only a voiceless member of his union, but a captive one, also.

3. Notwithstanding, rank-and-file quiescence does not indicate acceptance of the corruption and tyranny which have become the hallmark of this union. The Board of Monitors was imposed on a powerful and dangerous Hoffa in 1957-58 as a result of member-initiated action (*Cunningham* v. *English*); the Nashville trial (*U.S.* v. *James R. Hoffa and Commercial Carriers*) at which Hoffa tampered with the jury was based on evidence developed and advanced by car-hauling victims of Hoffa's greed, rank-and-filers all; Hoffa's raid on the IBT treasury for legal defense funds (some estimates run as high as $750,000 worth) was finally stopped by a rank-and-file suit in Philadelphia. There have been and are less spectacular examples of dissent from below, some spurious, some legitimate—but all falling far short of success. And at what cost! It is impossible to make an outsider understand the reality of the physical, mental, and economic intimidation that is invariably brought to bear on rebels in this union.

Do me a favor, though. Invest a paltry five bucks in familiarizing yourself with the IBT. Send it to PROD (Professional Drivers Council), Box 69, Washington, D.C., 20044. Ask them for a copy of their report entitled "Teamster Democracy and Financial Responsibility." It is an excellent orchestration of fact and figure which develops fully the who and how of Teamster power and corruption, and the how and why of rank-and-file exclusion and ineffectiveness.

Detroit, Mich. JAMES P. LEAVITT

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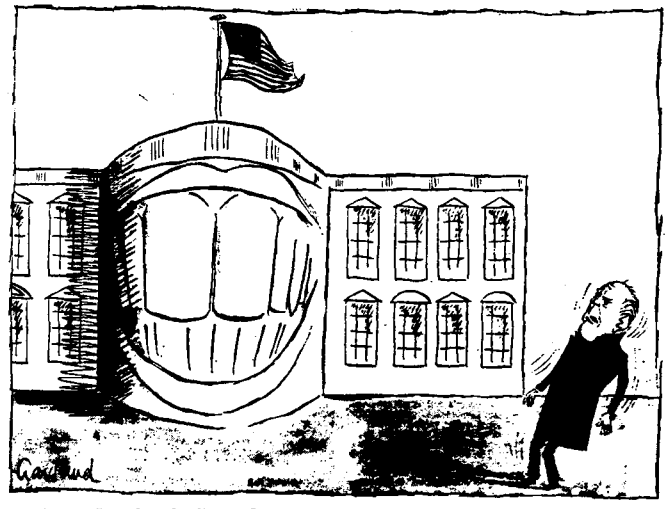
FOR THE RECORD

■ It's jockeying time in Washington, and in the Senate **Adlai Stevenson III** is in hot water. A committee he heads has recommended that the standing committees be reduced from 31 to 15 with the attendant loss of a) committee chairmanships and b) staff jobs. . . . Sen. **Ernest Hollings** (D., S.C.) has let it be known that Democratic Whip **Robert Byrd** won't get **Mike Mansfield**'s Majority Leadership job for the asking. Hollings, making a nose count, came up with the fact that Byrd had lost three of his ardent Senate backers in Sens. **McGee** (Wyo.), **Montoya** (N.M.), and **Hartke** (Ind.). . . . Gale McGee's loss came as sad news to the Pentagon: he was the hawkiest Democrat on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. . . . He hasn't been asked yet, but Sen. **Frank Church** volunteers that he won't accept a job with the **Carter** Administration. "I can render a better service to my country," he says, "by remaining in the Senate." . . . On the Republican side, GOP conservatives are maneuvering to get **Strom Thurmond** (S.C.) named "ranking" Republican on the Senate Judiciary Committee. Liberal **Charles Mathias** (Md.) is in line for the slot but if Thurmond drops his "ranking" status on Armed Services (in favor of **Goldwater**), he could pull rank on Mathias in Judiciary. . . . There's a move to get **Robert Dole** to succeed **Hugh Scott** as Minority Leader in the Senate, but **Robert Griffin** (Mich.) could have a lock on that job. Also in the race: **Howard Baker** of Tennessee.



Garland, *London Daily Telegraph*

Rothco

■ Here it comes: Congressman **Edward Koch** (D., N.Y.) has appealed to Jimmy Carter for amnesty not only for the draft dodgers of the Vietnam War but for all deserters as well. **Clergy and Laity Concerned** (CLC) goes Koch one better. It wants Carter also to upgrade the "less than honorable" discharges that CLC spokesman **Ron Freud** says nearly 800,000 U.S. servicemen received during the eight years of the Vietnam War. . . . And **Antoinette Slovik**, the widow of Private **Eddie Stovik**, the only U.S. GI to have been executed for desertion during World War II, wants Slovik amnestied. That way she could claim his $10,000 government life-insurance policy. . . . The **National Council of Churches** is slipping. In its last pronunciamento on Vietnam's admission to the UN, U.S. war reparations for Vietnam, *cum* calls for the protection and restoration of human rights in South Korea, Namibia, Zimbabwe, and the Transkei; it forgot all about Chile.

■ **Washington, D.C.**, which had the lowest voter turnout in the nation in the primaries (only 13 per cent), has racked up a couple of other national firsts. In Washington last year there were more **abortions** than live births (the figure in runner-up New York was 80 per cent abortions to live births) and over 50 per cent of the infants born were **illegitimate.** The abortion figure nationally: 1 million *v.* 3.1 million births. . . . In June, according to HEW figures, the **welfare rolls** dipped to the lowest point since January 1975. HEW attributes the dip to a shrinking in family size. . . . Washington's school integration experience is being duplicated in **Detroit** where two years after busing was ordered black enrollment was up from 75 to 79 per cent and white enrollment down from 23 to 19 per cent. Says School Board Member **Gerald O'Neill,** the percentage of white students in the system is so low that busing in Detroit has "become a parody."

■ Names in the news internationally. A new charge has surfaced against **Chiang Ching**. She was, says a wall poster, involved in a plot with **Lin Piao** to shoot down **Chou En-lai**'s plane when he returned from a visit to Vietnam in 1971. . . . A subway in Paris and a lake in the frozen tundra of Chukchi Peninsula in the USSR have been named, respectively, for two Communist heroes: **Jacques Duclos**, former French CP secretary general, and U.S. author **Jack London**, an enduring Soviet favorite. . . . And in Yugoslavia the second foreigner ever to receive the coveted Yugoslav Order of Freedom was visiting Commissar **Leonid Brezhnev**. . . . 'Tain't so, says a spokesman for **Fidel Castro**: Cuba did not, as a foreign ministry official, **Rinaldo Legon,** told a Ripon Society spokesman, preserve the body of a U.S. U-2 pilot—shot down before the 1962 missile crisis—in a block of ice.

■ An **Oh Dad, Poor Dad Note** from Rio: A bus going to the polls in Brazil's municipal elections last week fell into a river. Of the 42 voters aboard, 38 either drowned or were eaten by piranhas.

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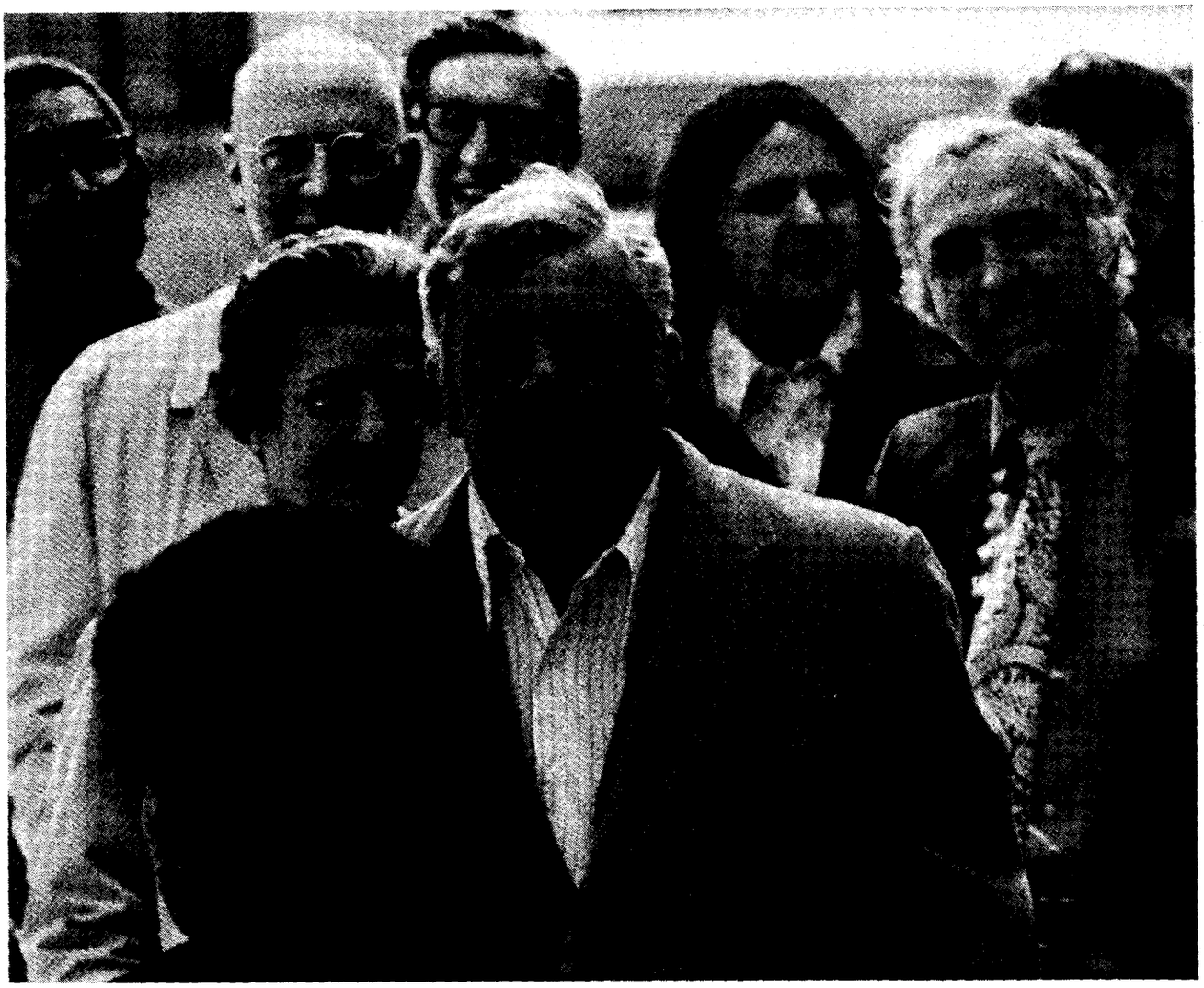

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THE WEEK

■ Few human beings have been able to slow the steady takeover of the U.S. by the Army Corps of Engineers. It is very pleasing to report that some thirty furbish louseworts have apparently stopped cold a Corps of Engineers plan to turn a sizable piece of Maine into a mosquito swamp at a cost of $600 million, meaning $2 billion after the costs triple as they do in all federal projects. The furbish louseworts, a kind of wild snapdragon, were found in the endangered area of Maine, after having been thought to be extinct. The Corps of Engineers is not permitted to flood rare and endangered species, although it can flood your land or ours with impunity.

■ Tom Wicker, that Carolina roundhead, thinks this is a peach of a time for stripping down the Imperial Presidency, and accordingly offers Jimmy Carter a few suggestions on how to make the office "more democratic with a little 'd' ": to wit, "Walk to your Inaugural. . . . Give the commercial airlines a try. . . . If you must use Air Force One, rename it 'The Peanut.' . . . Tell the Secret Service to stop flying those armor-plated limousines around the country at our expense." We'd like to add a few tips of our own: Walk *barefoot* to the Inauguration; hitchhike around the country at least once a year; install a still in the White House for official receptions; have the Marine Band get into the habit of greeting you with "Just a Closer Walk with Thee." And don't pay too much attention to Tom.

■ More about Michigan's Proposal C, which would have frozen the proportion (not the amount) of Michiganders' total personal income the state could take in taxes. It lost, of course: 1.8 million votes to 1.4 million. The opposition spent five times as much money as the proponents. Fair enough. But they also lied, misrepresenting the proposal as one that would deprive the state of essential services and also somehow make local taxes zoom. The Michigan Education Association led the opposition, with TV ads condemned by a court as "deceptive and misleading, and likely to cause irreparable harm." Teachers propagandized against the proposal in classrooms (i.e., on taxpayers' time and money). Our own Bill Rickenbacker, who campaigned for it, writes: "We were, in fact, so poor that we didn't have enough money to send a direct-mail message to the 350,000 people who signed our own petitions!" Taxpayers United, which got the whole thing going, started out with no money, period; the National Tax Limitation Committee gave its whole piggy bank—$1,500—to the effort. Still, for all that, 1.4 million votes. A sad story, but a happy augury. There are 49 other states, and Michigan will still be there next time.

■ The Great Plains, Georgia, Church Melodrama is over. Members there, who include Jimmy Carter and family, voted 2 to 1 to end all race restrictions in the parish house. But questions about Rev. Clennon King, the black minister who caused the uproar in the first place, still remain. Many suspect King was part of a political trick staged by local Republicans to tarnish Carter's image, or by Albany (Georgia) Mayor James Gray, a long-time Carter enemy, who denies the charge. The Ford people claim King was working for the Carter camp, in a play to get out the Southern black vote. Some say Chuck Colson had a hand in it. King is not talking, so no one knows if it is God, or politics, or his own perverse need for attention—his brother assured the press that King is "mentally disturbed"—that motivates him. Whatever it is, he's not in yet. The Church could decide he is ineligible for membership on the normally disqualifying grounds that he is not a Baptist, and doesn't live in Plains.

■ The Kremlin is wooing the post-Mao Peking regime, and persists in spite of initial rebuffs. Official Soviet condolences on the death of Mao were sent. Their official rejection by the Chinese was not reported by the Soviet media, which have, in fact, dropped all criticism of China since Mao's death. Soviet UN spokesmen have muted their customary anti-Chinese oratory. At the Moscow celebration of the anniversary of the November revolution, Fyodor Kulakov—believed to be a leading candidate for the succession to Leonid Brezhnev—delivered the chief address, with the Politburo members seated beside him. He made sharp attacks on Western "cold war advocates," accusing them of "trying to mastermind anti-Communist and anti-Soviet campaigns through hostile propaganda, ideological brainwashing of the population, slander, and misinformation." He not only made no criticism of Peking, but declared it to be "unjustifiable and unnatural" that friendly relations between the Soviet Union and China had been troubled for 15 years. Chinese diplomats were present, and they did not walk out during the speech, as they had done every year for more than a decade when the speaker would reach his routine anti-Chinese paragraphs. Wang Chin-ching, the Chinese Chargé d'Affaires, was observed applauding, albeit briefly, at the conclusion of Kulakov's speech.

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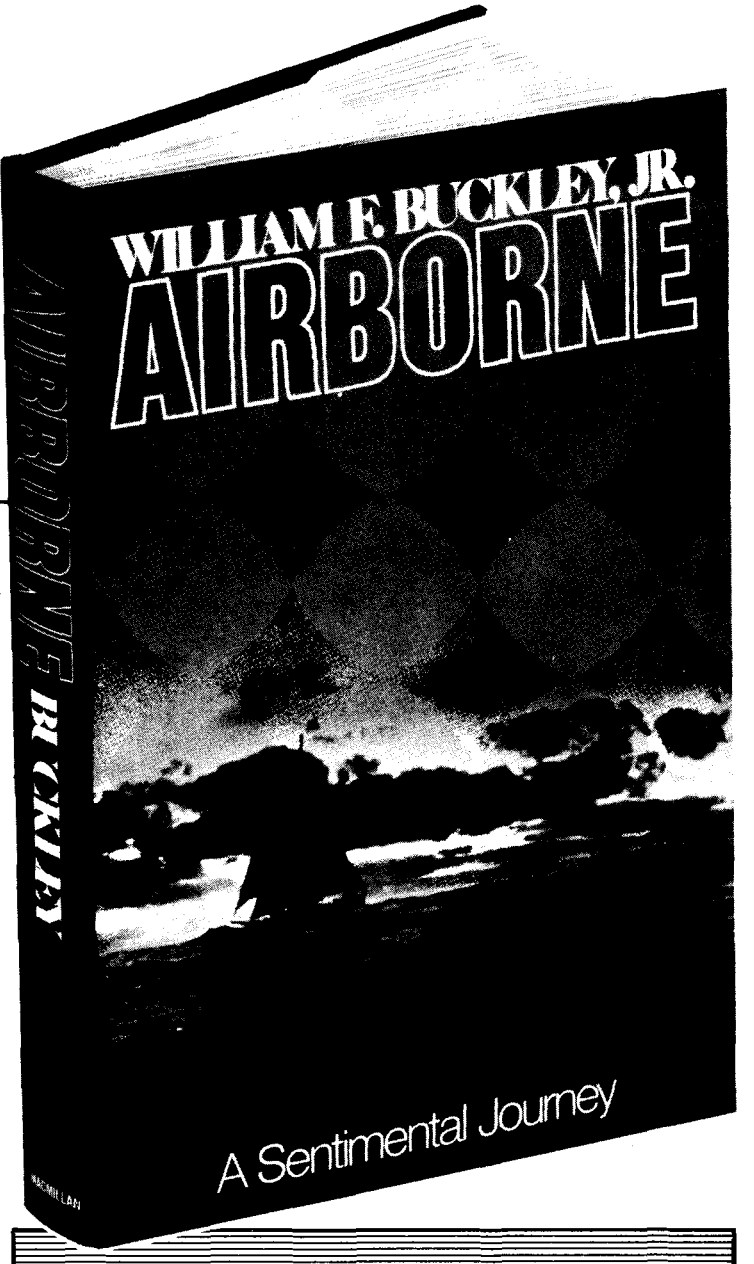

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Airborne is a book about sailing the way Moby Dick is a book about whaling. —*Barnaby Conrad*

Airborne takes me to sea, makes me a part of the whole adventure. Never before did my imagination permit me willingly to leave the dock. Mr. Buckley should give up politics and concentrate on writing. He cannot afford to have serious people think he is a failed politician when he is a master of a higher craft. —*John Kenneth Galbraith*

Until now I could no more be persuaded to read anything on the subject of sailing than Mr. Buckley could be coaxed into reading about golf. But—after a twenty-hour stretch in a film cutting room—I successfully slapped myself awake and read it—at one in the morning—to the end. It is precisely the kind of sports writing that very rarely gets done: a piece of specialized exposition that excites the layman not as an outsider but as a human being. —*Alistair Cooke*

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■ After what appears to be an excellent grain harvest—one of a handful in the last sixty years—the Kremlin has jubilantly adopted a five-year plan that shows the USSR catching up to U.S. production by 1980; or, rather, catching up in 1980 to 1975 U.S. production. However, the Kremlin was not so ebullient as to repeat its obvious errors of the past. Instead of emphasizing consumer goods, for example, and then having to back away embarrassedly when consumer goods fail to materialize, it is concentrating this time on heavy industry. It is also planning huge advances in agriculture, which, since it has maintained for sixty years that the weather and not collectivization is responsible for agricultural failure, gives Kremlinologists a clue to the real point of the five-year plan: while everyone else talks about the weather, they're doing something about it.

■ We natives will be inspected this winter by a missionary survey group which will seek to determine whether we are ripe for conversion. Its makeup will be decided at the congress of the Socialist International to be held November 26-28 at Geneva. It is expected that the members will include Willy Brandt, scheduled to be president of the Socintern, and all or most of the probable vice presidents: Britain's Harold Wilson, Sweden's Olof Palme, France's François Mitterrand, Australia's Gough Whitlam, Austrian Chancellor Kreisky, Dutch Prime Minister den Uyl, Portuguese Prime Minister Soares, and Anselmo Sule, leader of the currently outlawed Chilean Radical Party. Their formal instruction will be "to study the prospects of democratic socialism" in the United States.

■ Some of the thoughts of Chairman Mao seem, to the Occidental mind, rather murky, but the time usually gives them proof. For example, Chairman Hua Kuo-feng has made public a Thought that would have been incomprehensible when first uttered but is now crystal clear. As the *New York Times* reports it: "Beginning in July 1974, Mao is said to have warned the leftists, 'Don't form a small faction of four people.' "

■ The United States is selling the People's Republic of China two advanced computers as a gesture of good will toward the new regime in Peking. The computers are not for military use but for oil exploration and earthquake detection, and the Chinese have accepted safeguards that satisfy President Ford and Secretary of State Kissinger that they will indeed be employed for these purposes only. However, some officials in Washington, notably in the Pentagon, say that the computers could be used in connection with nuclear testing and radar systems support. Similar computers will be made available for sale to the Soviet Union, just so we can be impartially dumb.

■ Ever since the Egyptian revolution of 1952 which overthrew King Farouk, there has been only one party in Egypt, the Arab Socialist Union. Now President Sadat has decided to revive multipartyism—within limitations. Left, Center, and Right "groupings," which have already participated as such in an election, will become full-fledged parties. The Arab Socialist Union will still be the controlling force in political life, however, with a broad mandate to supervise the new formations, including how and where they spend their money. A very tentative advance, to be sure, toward less authoritarian government, but one of the very few in the Third World and, as such, a welcome development.

■ According to the third volume of Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*, which has recently been published in Munich, a rebellion occurred in the city of Novocherkassk on the Don in June 1962, in the course of which Soviet troops killed some seventy or eighty people—a venture in Soviet moderation, though if it had happened at Sharpeville, South Africa, it would have been called a massacre. (Sharpeville, 1960; dead: 72.)

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Easily the hottest selling book in Washington these days is neither a Watergate memoir nor a chronicle of goatish congressional rompings. It's a yellow paperback, published by the Government Printing Office, entitled *Policy and Supporting Positions*. The unofficial title of the book, which lists all "the jobs which are in leading positions in the U.S. Government," is "the plum book." The book, which appears every leap year so as to coincide with the presidential elections, is especially popular this year, not so much among those who are interested in chauffeuring the Secretary of the Interior or running the CIA, both of which jobs are listed, as among those who want one of the approximately 2,400 "Schedule C" jobs to which party loyalists are appointed directly by the President and from which they can be expected to be purged whenever that President and his party leave office. These jobs, most of them at the Civil Service supergrade level, are considered plums, and organizations such as the Brookings Institution, one of the seats of the Democratic Administration in exile, are poring over the plum book, drawing up lists of Democratic personnel to fill the slots. Some Republicans are also poring over the book, in the vague hope that their particular plums may have been overlooked. But they haven't.

■ Morris Udall has been complaining loudly about rumors of departmental reorganizations in the bureaucracy, designed to disguise the existence of certain political jobs held by Republicans. And Udall has a point, although, from a Republican point of view, it's too little, too late. Democrats have traditionally protected their own here, the drill being for political appointees to take a cut in pay and revert to career Civil Service status just before the Administration goes out. As a result the bureaucracy is heavily layered with careerists who were political appointees in previous Administrations. Thus, to a great extent, the career Civil Service, although founded to accomplish just the opposite, has managed to institutionalize the spoils system and protect the beneficiaries of the pork barrel by providing them with what amounts to tenure. But because of Watergate fallout, and because the Civil Service Commission is heavily stacked with Democrats, Republicans applying for career status find their applications are not being processed. According to law, career Civil Service positions go to those with the most appropriate qualifications, regardless of political affiliation. In practice, however, slots this year will be filled by Democrats only.

■ One high-level HEW information officer, appointed to his post by Richard Nixon, reports that JFK, LBJ, HST, and FDR pictures, stored away since 1968, have begun to replace the Gerald Ford–Nelson Rockefeller pictures which not too long ago replaced the Richard Nixon–Spiro Agnew pictures hanging in departmental offices around town. And one White House staffer swears he saw a signed picture of Jackie Kennedy Onassis hanging in a basement office in the Old Executive Office Building, where Gerald Ford's White House staff is currently headquartered.

■ TRANSITION BRIEFS: Sources close to the Carterites say that if a Supreme Court seat falls vacant during Carter's Administration, he'll name Representative Barbara Jordan of Texas to fill it. . . . There is also talk in the Carter camp of keeping on Transportation Secretary William Coleman, who is intelligent, capable, and black. . . . HEW Secretary David Mathews also would like to stay on, and believes that as a liberal, a Democrat, and an Alabamian, his credentials are good. Mathews is opposed by supporters of George Wallace, however, who are urging Carter to can him on the spot. Mathews, they believe, intends to run against Wallace for the Alabama Democratic senatorial nomination in '78, and they fear that his visibility as HEW head would provide him with an effective political springboard from which to dive back into Alabama politics. Mathews, meanwhile, has hedged his bets. He has been invited to return to the job as president of the University of Alabama that he left a year ago to take on the HEW assignment. It may come to that. According to persistent rumors here, Mathews' successor has already been chosen. Sources in the Carter camp say it will be Leonard Woodcock.

—CATO

Angered by Premier Khrushchev's announcement of wage cuts and price increases, workers struck the Electric Locomotive Plant, and refused to be mollified when the plant director told them, "You'll just have to eat jam instead of meat from now on." Women blocked the Moscow-Rostov railway tracks, while the men tore up ties and rails, built barricades, and fabricated posters lettered "Khrushchev through the Sausage Machine." The troops called in tanks and sealed off the plant, and shot children out of the trees with submachine guns. Although the government staged several trials in the wake of the revolt, it managed to keep the story under wraps. The wounded were removed quietly to Siberia, as were persons unfortunate enough to have been photographed at the scene. It may be significant, or it may not; but four months after the rebellion at Novocherkassk, Nikita Khrushchev backed down in his confrontation with President Kennedy, thus defusing the Cuban missile crisis. Presumably subsequent grain sales to the Soviet Union prevented subsequent Novocherkassks.

■ A Harvard University report on surgical practices claims that the better surgeons in the country perform too few operations, and that those doctors who are not surgical specialists perform too many. The trouble is not that there aren't enough surgeons—in fact the ratio of surgeons to population is high—but that they are badly distributed throughout the country. Better doctors tend to charge more, and tend to live among people who can afford their high fees. In Boston, for example. So if you're poor and living in, oh, Indiana, you may not be able to get the quality of surgical services that a Boston doctor can get you. You may not be able to afford steak or Cadillacs either. What to do? Well, the government could tax the "excessive" income of the Boston doctors —which would tend to discourage talented people from

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Hear the light.

Today, communications may be at the threshold of another revolution in technology.

Someday soon, when you make a phone call, your voice may be carried between telephone offices as pulses of light over a hair-thin glass fiber.

We call this new technology lightwave communications.

Less Cost, Less Space:

Lightwave communications has the potential for carrying enormous quantities of information—from phone calls to business data to TV programs—at low cost. And it can do it in much less space.

Right now, we're testing an experimental system that can carry nearly 50,000 phone calls in a cable of glass fibers not much thicker than a clothesline. It could do the work of several copper cables, each as thick as your arm.

That will allow us to save space in the crowded cable ducts under the streets of many of our cities. Which in turn will lessen the need to add new cable ducts to expand service.

But even carrying that many calls uses only a fraction of a light beam's capacity.

So it will give us plenty of room to grow.

To make lightwave communications possible, the people at Bell Labs and Western Electric attacked a number of problems simultaneously.

What Had to be Done:

What kind of problems?

Creating some of the most transparent glass the world has ever known.

Developing techniques to draw the glass into highly precise fibers which, despite their tiny size, have a complex internal structure that keeps the light from leaking out.

Devising ways to protect the delicate fibers from damage, to make them into cables strong enough to pull through underground ducts, and to splice them—a hundred or more at a time.

To generate the light carried by the fibers, they developed a tiny, solid-state laser smaller than a grain of salt. (Today's design is expected to operate continuously for ten years or more.)

To put information onto the light beam, they designed equipment that turns the tiny laser on and off millions of times a second.

And they developed repeaters to regenerate the light signal along its way, as well as photodetectors at the receiving end to convert the light back into an electrical signal that can travel throughout the telephone network.

We think lightwave communications may prove a long step forward in the development of communications.

We may put it to use in the early 1980's to relieve cable congestion between major switching centers. For special applications, we may use it even sooner.

And it may someday carry business data, visual communication services and facsimile transmission into your home and office.

Seeing to It:

Innovations from Bell Labs and Western Electric are put to work by your Bell telephone company. That's another reason you have the most reliable, least expensive telephone service in the world.

To keep it that way, one of the things we're doing is seeing to it that before long you'll be hearing the light.

One of a series of messages to keep you informed of how telecommunications technology is changing our world—and the part Bell Labs, Western Electric and your Bell telephone company are playing in it.

Bell Laboratories/Western Electric

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becoming doctors, rather than divert them to Indiana. Or it could pay the fees of all surgeons—taxing the folks of Indiana whether or not they need operations. Or the government could grant tax concessions to doctors who practice in certain areas of the country. Or it could do nothing at all. Basically the question is whether all citizens have a right to the *highest quality* medical services. Not just good care, but the very best. Why not pass a bill requiring second-rate doctors to be first-rate? The new Congress, to judge from its composition, will probably consider that legislation.

■ To hear Herbert Mitgang of the *Times* tell it, the political thought of Saul Bellow bears a striking resemblance to that of (sigh) the *Times*. Bellow was lately in New York warming up for his Nobel Prize address; Mitgang talked with him, and reported in part as follows: "His attitude to the United States, he claims, is not one of servile piety. He is a strong critic of what he calls our peculiar evils: injustice [*peculiar our foot! They have it in South Africa too*], mistreatment of blacks and Indians [*whaddya mean peculiar! Idi Amin mistreats —nope, take it back, wrong kind of Indians*], mob hysteria and violence [*peculiar? Ever been to a soccer game in Caracas, Saul?*] the vileness of television [*somebody please send the guy the Moscow edition of* TV Guide]." Bellow says he plans a brief speech—"short truths"—in Stockholm. Bumper-sticker length should do nicely.

■ BATTLE OF THE BROADS: Renée Richards is being sued for $7,000 in back alimony by her ex-wife.

■ Since New York's Finest are forbidden to disrobe while on duty, it's pretty hard to pin a rap on the so-called massage parlors: the so-called masseuses are smart enough not to talk business until the customer is nekkid. So an incensed landlord consulted a sympathetic mayoral assistant, and they cooked up a plan. The landlord hired three private dicks—detectives, that is—to go in, get the full treatment, and write affidavits. Then the city used *their* testimony to prosecute and close the establishment they had patronized. Score one for the private sector.

Carter Watch

On January 20, after his "democratic" and neo-Jacksonian Inaugural, Jimmy Carter will assume office with limited political assets, numerous accounts payable, and a host of apparently intractable problems abroad. Given that prospect, it is hardly surprising that his stance since November 2 has been deliberately judicious, sober, and even conservative (see box below).

Consider the condition of the Carter assets. Though he ran as the candidate of the majority party, he barely achieved election, and though he made his own character the centerpiece of the campaign, he ended up with greatly reduced personal credibility. On a variety of issues, he appears certain to collide with Congress. Any serious attempt at governmental reorganization, for example, will pit the new Administration against powerful interests in Congress and in the federal agencies. It has been lost on no one that in his victory Carter usually ran well behind the Democratic congressional candidates—often, in fact, needing their coattails rather than the reverse.

But other vulnerabilities exist. Carter's basic electoral strength lies in his Southern base—but that base itself is a shaky one. Carter lost the white vote in the South by 47.6 per cent to 51.3 per cent—but carried the region with 92 per cent of the black vote. Not surprisingly, polls show Carter's white support in the South to be "soft," and dangerously so. "If Carter had not had the black vote, he would have lost," observed political analyst Richard Scammon. "But if he had not had the white vote he would have lost too." Should Carter appear excessively liberal he will certainly risk his white support in a region crucial to him.

However, the bills are now falling due on Carter's numerous campaign "commitments." After reeling these off, Carter usually said, "And you can count on that."

Carter's Conservatism

On November 15, at a press conference held in Plains, Georgia, President-elect Jimmy Carter had the following exchange with a reporter:

Q. When your wife was on *Meet the Press* two weeks ago she said, "My husband is a conservative." Can you tell us briefly what that means?

A. I'm not sure that I can. I believe in balanced budgets and before my term is over I intend for the federal budget to be balanced. I don't believe in wasting money. I believe in careful long-range planning. I believe in maximum openness of government. When there's a choice to be made between the private sector and government sector, my option would be for the private sector to assume the responsibility. When there's a choice to be made between the federal, state, and local levels of government to perform a function, I would prefer that the function be carried out by the level of government closest to the individual citizen.

I believe in the tightest possible control over the government process, a simple and comprehensive management entity where the President, through his representatives, can manage the affairs of the government. I believe in giving Cabinet members maximum authority. I don't intend to run the individual departments out of the White House, especially staff members.

Those are some of the things that to me would be conservative in nature.

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Assorted constituencies are now trying to hold him to his word. Mayors of decaying cities demand more federal billions, labor leaders present their laundry lists—including large federal outlays for jobs, repeal of Taft-Hartley provisions on right-to-work laws, passage of the common situs bill. Ralph Nader, the blacks, national-health-care advocates, environmentalists, and others are lining up for the payoff. At the same time Carter's own pollsters must be telling him that the national mood is disposed toward greater defense spending and decreased social outlays.

Carter's easiest payoff could be the one to the blacks for their vital electoral support. He might well be able to satisfy them by appointing large numbers of blacks to positions of visible power and importance, thus conferring upon blacks the symbols of social acceptance and power which they have abundantly earned through their striking economic, educational, and political advances since World War II. That sort of symbolic reward Carter can easily provide, even while remaining wary on spending.

Campaign commitments to mayors, labor, Ralph Nader, the farmers, the education lobby, and so on will not be dealt with so easily. In addition, public perception of the Soviet military buildup, as reflected, for example, in the prestigious new Committee on the Present Danger, will probably rule out substantial defense cuts.

Abroad, Carter will face one and perhaps two immediate crises, either of which would have a limiting effect upon his domestic options. On December 15, representatives of OPEC will meet in Qatar to decide how much to raise the price of oil. Optimists are talking about a 10 per cent increase, but it could be much higher, and the shock waves will be felt throughout the international economic structure, especially by the more fragile economies.

The year 1977 could also see another Arab–Israeli war. At the recent Arab summit conference in Riyadh, President Sadat spoke emotionally of the "need for rapid measures to resolve the Middle East problem. In this year [1977] we must either ensure that the Americans make the Israelis withdraw from the occupied territories, or we shall have to achieve this end by other means." Sadat also indicated clearly that a rapprochement with the Soviet Union might now be in the works—thus undoing five years of Kissinger's diplomacy, indeed the most striking success of Kissinger's entire foreign policy.

Before he has long been settled in the Oval Office, Carter may have to eat the tough anti-Arab line he took in the second debate with Ford.

Lebensraum

When China occupied Tibet,
There weren't many Chinese—yet;
But immigration moved ahead,
The tiresome Tibetans fled,
And now the peasants dress in blue
As proper Chinese ought to do.
If Israel keeps moving in
On lands with Arab kith and kin,
The West Bank and the Golan Heights
Will shortly have Las Vegas nights.

W. H. VON DREELE

Carterian Confusion

In his press conference of November 15, President-elect Carter's remarks on the economy were well designed to help the Russians and South Africans by inspiring a precautionary flight into gold.

Carter opened with a characteristic ambiguity. He "would not like to eliminate" the autonomy of the Federal Reserve, but nonetheless insisted that "the President, the Congress, and the Federal Reserve . . . can't act independently." Then, repeating a blooper of the television debates, Carter again confused fiscal policy with monetary policy. If there are differences with Arthur Burns, said Carter, "then I would have to decide what to do about an increase in the supply of money. This can be done, as you know, through tax rebates . . ." That remark is an awesome sign of economic illiteracy. Tax rebates do not increase the money supply at all unless the Federal Reserve monetizes the additional deficit by buying more Treasury securities.

"Before my term is over," Carter continued, "I intend for the federal budget to be balanced." Yet he somehow plans to initiate unemployment programs and other new spending, and to do so regardless of the impact on the economy: "In welfare reform, in tax reform, in comprehensive health care—I would not defer those because of the problem with unemployment and inflation."

Carter is apparently still counting on "the $60-billion extra amount of money that can be spent in fiscal year 1981." That fiscal dividend has never been fully explained, but it may be based on a misunderstanding of the latest Brookings Institution budget study, *Setting National Priorities*. The Brookings study figured that if there were no new programs and no expansion of existing programs—an admittedly unrealistic pair of assumptions—there might be a budget surplus of $58 billion by 1981. This is largely because "individual taxpayers find themselves in higher tax brackets" because of inflation, so that the federal tax bite would claim an additional 1.2 per cent of total output. Moreover, the Brookings study points out that business and housing investment will have to get a larger share of GNP "if generally accepted economic and social goals are to be met," so "the government surplus may be needed." In short, a surplus is highly unlikely, even with higher effective tax rates, but if it is achieved it should not be spent by government.

Finally, Carter assures us that inflation is no threat because "unused industrial capacity [is] now almost 30 per cent" and "you don't reach the inevitable inflationary pressure until you get the unemployment rate down to

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5.5 per cent." Use of industrial capacity is now 16 per cent below its theoretical maximum, according to the Commerce Department estimate, but only 4 percentage points below the peak actually reached in the steamy boom of 1973. Idle capacity may delay the impact, but a flood of new money introduced in a slump does not just disappear in the subsequent expansion.

Carter believes that jawboning "would be the best way to avoid any mandatory price and wage controls." The thinly gloved fist behind such "voluntary" restraints has already had an enormous effect in depressing the confidence of businessmen and investors.

Carter is being described as an economic activist, like Johnson or Nixon. In contrast, the Administrations in this century that are widely regarded as the *least* activist in economic affairs were those of Calvin Coolidge and Dwight Eisenhower. In Eisenhower's first term we had the best blend of low inflation (0.6 per cent) and low unemployment (4.9 per cent) that has been achieved in the postwar period. The five Coolidge years were, by these criteria, the best of the century—0.5 per cent average inflation and 3.5 per cent unemployment. These Presidents did not have the benefit of the new computerized economics, but Ike played a lot of golf and Silent Cal took a nap every afternoon. With luck, Jimmy Carter might get lazy or take up a sport.

Reform Wins

Shortly after the Supreme Court, on January 30, ruled portions of the Campaign Financing Act unconstitutional, the forces of good government, led by Representative Wayne Hays, retired to their chambers with the battered bill. Only a minor alteration was required, the Court having upheld the bill's major provisions—the limits on how much money individuals and political committees may contribute to candidates, the public financing of presidential elections, and the disclosure of contributions over $100 and expenditures over $10. But the Court ruled that members of the Federal Election Commission must be appointed by the President, not, as stipulated in the original bill, by the Speaker of the House, the president Pro Tem of the Senate, and the President. Congress, instead of making that minor revision, recrafted the bill.

After months of tinkering, Congress succeeded in revising the campaign reform bill to its satisfaction and sent it to President Ford for his signature. Along with many Republicans, Ronald Reagan, although in desperate need of the federal cash that Ford's signature would free, urged a veto. Mr. Ford didn't listen and signed the bill. Fortunately, Mr. Ford is said to be a man not haunted by might-have-beens. Had he vetoed the revised Campaign Financing Act, things might have turned out differently November 2.

The *New York Times*, talking of the campaign spending ceilings a few days after the election, said they "almost certainly, in the light of the very close result, produced a [Carter] victory. Without the limits, most politicians believe, millions of dollars more invested in the Republican campaign would probably have reversed the result."

The spending ceiling also produced a considerably duller election. It seemed only the First Family had Ford buttons. Carter-Mondale buttons were just slightly more available. A person sporting one was assumed to be either a Carter or a member of the Democratic National Committee. With its funds so restricted, the Democrats couldn't stage the extravaganzas that they usually rely on to get out the vote. Meany's minions, as pointed out in the last issue of *NR*, were of some help here.

Federal financing, while it certainly eliminated the "fat cats," as its proponents claimed, also prolonged the races of many who didn't have a prayer. If it weren't for the doses of federal matching funds, Pennsylvania's Governor Schapp would have realized much sooner that a Schapp Presidency wasn't a likely possibility.

In 1973, Ralph Winter Jr., a Yale Law School professor, and John R. Bolton, then-editor of the *Yale Law Journal*, wrote a small pamphlet for the American Enterprise Institute which opposed federal financing of elections. Discussing proposals for such financing, they wrote: "The need to raise money compels candidates to address those matters about which large groups feel strongly. Candidates might well, upon receiving campaign money from the government, mute their views and become even more pre-packaged. Eliminate the need for money and you eliminate much of the motive to face up to issues."

A Stillness in Beirut

The presence of Syrian tanks in Beirut and the end of the shooting that has taken 40,000 lives in Lebanon in 19 months doesn't mean that Lebanon's problems have been solved, but the new armistice, enforced by Syrian arms, underlines a major shift that has taken place in power alignments in the Middle East in the past two years.

1. *Syria.* Two years ago it was regarded as solidly in the Soviet camp, the Soviet's fighting edge in the Near East. Once upon a time Syria supported the Moslem leftists and their Palestinian allies. Now it supports the Arab moderates who favored bringing the Lebanese civil war to an end. To do so, Syria eventually turned its Soviet-built tanks and guns against the Moslems and the Palestinian guerrillas, in effect turning the tide of battle toward the Christians and their allies, the Israelis. It did so against the Kremlin's will.

2. *Saudi Arabia.* Once Saudi Arabia was the *bête noire* of the Arab radical leaders—the Nassers, the Qaddafis, the Boumédiennes. But it was Saudi Arabia that took the initiative and forged the compromise that sent Syrian forces into Beirut under the cloak of a peacekeeping force authorized by the Arab League. It is now Saudi Arabia, a much-defanged Syria, a moderate Sadat-

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Egypt, and a no-longer-pariahed Jordan that are calling the tune. Qaddafi finds himself more and more isolated in left field; Iraq, which threatened war with Syria when Syrian troops first crossed into Lebanon, but did nothing, has lost face; Boumédienne is little heard of these days. The Lebanese operation can be put down as a victory for the moderates, an advance for the West, a retreat for the Kremlin.

3. *The Palestinians.* What they had gained through their votes in the UN and their acceptance in international councils they appear to have lost on the battlefield. This is the second time that Yassir Arafat and his cutthroats have suffered a major military defeat in six years' time. The first was when they failed to overthrow King Hussein in 1970, and he tumbled them over the borders into Lebanon; the second was their failure to consolidate their grip on the southern areas of Lebanon from which they had been launching hit-and-miss raids against Israel. Another victory for the moderates.

Défi Québecois

Victory by the separatists' *Parti Défi Québecois* in last week's Quebec election raises anew the question of Canada's long-range viability as a federation built on two languages and two cultures. The Dominion is in for a period of introspection.

Winner René Lévesque played down separatism during the campaign, promising to abide by results of a referendum on the question due in two years. The same polls that correctly predicted a big win for Lévesque showed that only 18 per cent of the voters favor separatism, or even consider it a major issue. With unemployment at 10 per cent, most voters were concerned about bread-and-butter matters, and the corrupt provincial Liberal government seemed incapable of providing competent leadership.

Thus, Lévesque has no mandate to take Quebec out of Canada, even if the constitution permitted it. His party is a congeries of Marxist professors, radical union leaders, and romantics who may have trouble agreeing on much more than the fact that nearly all important business decisions in the province are made by "the English," a term of opprobrium that lumps Americans and English Canadians together.

In the long run, the most important impact of Lévesque's win will be on the rest of Canada. Support for separatism among Quebeckers has stayed at under 20 per cent of the electorate for years, and is unlikely to grow unless English Canada concludes that the price of Quebec's continued participation in confederation is too high. Bitterness over Trudeau's bilingual policies (see p. 1344) is widespread and intense, particularly in the West. Quebec is coming to be regarded as a spoiled child who keeps demanding more, to the point of intolerability.

Quebec's alleged intolerability may prove less important than English Canada's intolerance of the legitimate aspirations of a stubborn linguistic minority trying to preserve its identity on an Anglo-Saxon continent. René Lévesque has raised a challenge to the rest of Canada. The response will likely determine whether Canada fractures, or whether the country finds a new nationhood based on respect for diversity.

Judge Julius Caesar

Sitting as a one-man ad hoc constitutional convention, a federal judge has ordered Mobile, Alabama to junk its city government and get a new one. As Judge Virgil Pittman of the Southern District Court of Alabama sees it, the current city government is structurally unfair to blacks. Why? Because Mobile is now governed by a three-member city commission elected on a city-wide basis. And that means, says the judge, that the 35 per cent black population of Mobile is unlikely to be able to elect a black to the commission.

So, the judge continues, after apparently flipping through a catalogue of styles in city government, Mobile must now replace the commission with a mayor, to be elected city-wide, plus a nine-member council elected from single-member districts.

Of course, from a certain perspective, the decision was a moderate one: the judge could have imposed a monarch, a philosopher-king, or the oracle at Delphi. Nevertheless the decision, which is being appealed, represents the most extreme intrusion thus far of the judiciary upon the legislative and executive realms. It is also apparent that Judge Pittman holds a pernicious racial theory of representation, i.e., that a voter can be adequately represented only by a person of the same race. Perhaps the judge ought to discuss this last point with Mayor Thomas Bradley of Los Angeles.

Maimed Rites

Gary Mark Gilmore is still alive, despite a capital crime, his pleas for execution, and a suicide attempt. The state of Utah keeps dithering. Citizens are volunteering for the firing squad. The ACLU is butting in to keep Gilmore alive. At first it appeared that Gilmore was the ideal man for the delicate moment of the resumption of capital punishment; now that is less clear.

The day after Gilmore tried to kill himself, the *Times* carried an Op-Ed piece in which Aryeh Neier of the ACLU explained why his outfit was getting into the act. Prisoners like Gilmore, he argued, are forced to choose between an agonizing period of appeal and delay, and the relief of getting it over with. That makes sense if capital punishment itself is, as Neier puts it, "savagery." But we think it is not. And since life is full of dilemmas, what we feel for the murderer who has to decide whether he wants to keep sweatily postponing retribution is some-

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Pay-Off Time

Jody: It's Coretta.
Jimmy: Say I'm sick.
Jody: Abe is calling.
Jimmy: Hang up, quick.
Jody: Meany's waiting.
Jimmy: Say I'll *try*.
Jody: What's for supper?
Jimmy: Pecan pie.

W. H. VON DREELE

thing other than pity. True, the consenting-adults pattern does not apply to the rites of justice. But this whole conception of the situation doesn't seem to correspond with the facts.

For whatever psychic reasons, Gilmore appears a self-destructive type who wants to provoke and exploit his own doom. He knows well enough that his fate is now theater; he has made it so. Most likely he would have behaved differently if he had not been the first man in nearly a decade to face execution in this country. But he is playing chicken with the state, and he is winning. It would be better not to have the death penalty than to have it made such a farce as this. Gilmore and people like him should die, and their deaths should serve as examples. The way to do that is to put them to death in relative obscurity and disgrace, which means doing it with a certain frequency. The way this case is being handled, committing capital crimes will seem to some characters the short route to glory.

Co-Conspirators All

Last Thursday was Marigold Day in Belgium, the anniversary of the invention of the electric yo-yo, too far before Bella Abzug's last birthday—and the twentieth anniversary of the Hungarian Revolution. None of the occasions was widely remarked. In the post-cold-war era the Hungarian Revolution continues as an historical embarrassment to the United States. We had seemed to promise support to the Hungarians, but, in the *momento de muerte*, that support did not materialize.

Now, in many cases the past can be "interpreted" or revised or ignored. One newspaper noted that 60,000 of the 200,000 people who fled Hungary have returned; that time and material prosperity—department stores, cars, color television—have healed the pain; even that the average Hungarian is "in effect a co-conspirator [*sic*] with his national leaders in an arrangement providing constrained liberty . . . the Hungarians are too weak to evict their Soviet masters."

But the problem with Hungary remains. And it is that there might be a replay. What do we do if the Soviet Union, as it might do, invades Yugoslavia on Tito's death? Ford, as a very result of his Fordian slip and subsequent explanations about the Soviet Union's non-domination of Eastern Europe, appeared more activist than the U.S. would surely be. Carter, by announcing that he would not send U.S. troops to defend Yugoslavia, appears to have tipped our hand to the Russians. In fact, however, there can be little doubt in the Kremlin that America, now debating even the wisdom of the *Mayaqüez* operation, would not interfere in the problems of Yugoslavia.

Not that a Soviet invasion is a sure thing. Can you—*can* you imagine the humiliation and the consequences in the rest of Europe if the Soviets got beat? Still, there is the very considerable strategic importance to them, and the benefits to be gained from periodic applications of discipline. So what is the responsibility of the U.S. in such circumstances? Whatever it is, commemorating the effort of the Hungarian Freedom Fighters makes you think about it. What better reason not to remark that effort? Did you know Everett Dirksen wanted to make the marigold the national flower?

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Regarding the election of the Goober Pea Baptist Baron: we should have learned from the Russians' experience. Look what happened when *they* put a Georgian in power.

Resignedly yours,
Paul Douglas Evans
Richardson, Tex.

■ Dear Bill:

I was delighted to receive a copy of *Airborne* and congratulate you on another best-seller. So far I have only had time to glance at Christopher's superb pictures, as I am saving it, with happy anticipation, for the vacation that both Nancy and Jimmy Carter insist I take after the first of the year.

Warm regards,
Henry A. Kissinger
Washington, D.C.

■ Dear Bill:

You will be interested in the dispatch sent out over Panama Radio after your visit to the Canal Zone.

Yours truly,
FPH III
Washington, D.C.

PANAMA RADIO CONDEMNS STATEMENTS BY U.S. JOUR-

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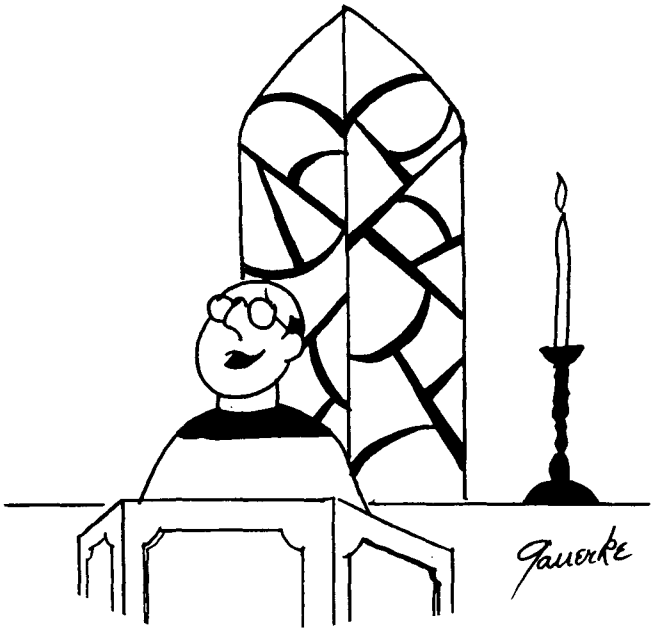
NALIST BUCKLEY [STATION COMMENTARY: "BUCKLEY, STILL ANOTHER CONSPIRATOR"]

[TEXT] A couple of nights ago, an American newsman named Buckley was interviewed on a national television station program which must have been offensive to any patriotic Panamanian because of its shamelessness and disrespect. This agent of the most conservative sectors in the United States, as he himself noted, came to clearly provoke us. We do not know whether or not we should take his presence in Panama as a warning.

This provocateur clearly stated that the United States could not return the Canal to Panama because we cannot defend it. It seems that this man has very mistaken views on what an interoceanic canal should mean to humanity. He views the problem only from the standpoint of the existing rivalry between the big powers and forgets the national interest of the country which has labored to achieve the happiness of its people.

If we view his statements as a warning, then we cannot argue that Panama is capable of defending the Panama Canal by means of weapons. But who said that we, Panamanians, plan to wage war with any other country? Is not our own weakness the best guarantee that no country will try to attack us? In view of the aforementioned doubts, we must note that Mr. Buckley and those like him who view the Canal issue from the standpoint of a possible aggression by Moscow are no more than shrewdly misrepresenting the problem to foil Panamanian aspirations.

As we understand it, he is no more than a provocateur sent by the CIA to make subtle statements concerning Panamanian politics by taking a conspiratorial attitude. We report these things because we think it would be good for national security reasons and for love for our country to be more careful not to open our mass media to figures who through such dark maneuvers want to confuse our national opinion. We shall overcome. 020000 CG/WILSON/LAC 02/0149Z OCT



"We may keep our tax exemption for church property on one condition: We ban prayer in church."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

I hadn't even wanted to think about you again. After I read *Nightmare* by Lukas I decided to banish you from my mind forever. But this morning I came upon a pathetic piece of puffery in the *Tribune*'s magazine section entitled "The Great Right Knight"—my God my hand begins to cramp as I write the title. Somewhere you might have written your explanation of why you chose loyalty to Hunt in January of 1973 when he informed you of what he knew about Watergate rather than inform us about what you knew was happening to our country. Perhaps your continual posturing has led you to believe that, similar to Nero, you had become some type of Nietzschean God and chose to strum your precious harpsichord while the country suppurated. Sincerely,

John A. Monaghan
Northbrook, Ill.

Dear Mr. Monaghan: By January 1973, what had happened to the United States and was known to Howard Hunt, had already happened. Granted there is sickness in America. But is Nixon responsible for whatever it is that happened to you? Yours faithfully, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A roommate who introduced me to your respectable periodical once remarked that he had been forced to cancel his subscription to a popular newsweekly because it had offended his moral sensitivities once too often. I fear that you have done them one better. From the numerous anti-abortion articles appearing in your magazine, I have observed that your views regarding human dignity parallel mine; I was therefore all the more disillusioned upon reading the "pun" submitted by Mr. Seagraves printed in your November 12 issue in "Notes & Asides" at the expense of Senator Humphrey. My eyes furtively moved to the bottom of the page, suspecting that your stamp of approval would be noticeably missing. To my chagrin, I found it there as usual. I trust that other readers with this view will share it with you, and a moral rejoinder (with eloquence befitting your publication) will find its way into "Notes & Asides" in the near future. If it does, I will remain,

A faithful reader,
Alan Morris
Pikesville, Md.

Aw, come on. When politicians commit gaffes, all good red-blooded publications should memorialize them. Remember—ho ho ho!—remember when Mario Procaccino —whoopee!—introduced Frank O'Connor at the Democratic rally and said—wheeeeee!—*"Frank's a wonderful guy. He grows on you like cancer"*? That life should be so good! Stick around. Cordially, **—WFB**

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Will Rhodesia Go Peacefully?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

SECRETARY KISSINGER and other of our official spokesmen state that the objective of our intervention in the Rhodesian situation—yes, I'm afraid it is intervention, even though we have sworn off the stuff—is "to prevent a racial bloodbath." Without committing ourselves on the question whether this really *is* the objective, or whether it should be any of our national business in any case—after all, a lot of bloodbaths go on in a lot of places—let us consider whether it is likely to be achieved. Stated positively: Is it likely that the shift from white-ruled Rhodesia to black-ruled Zimbabwe will be made peacefully?

It may be pertinent to note, to begin with, that bloodletting in connection with Rhodesia actually started several years ago. Moreover, its rate has considerably increased since our intervention began last spring. On the record, therefore, our official objective was lost before we started, unless we argue that the flow has not yet reached bath size, and we are trying to turn the faucet off before it does.

But why should there have been *any* bloodletting after Secretary Kissinger's five-point plan was laid on the table? Majority (black) rule in a relatively short time. Minority (white) rights. A temporary black-white setup to get through the brief transition period. Granted that the whites have recognized—under the combined tutelage of Secretary Kissinger and Prime Minister Vorster—that the present system is kaput, why should any reasonable person object to so reasonable a proposal and opt, instead, for bloodletting?

In summary form, the answer is: Because the present Rhodesian problem is not a rational but a power equation, and the power equation has not yet been solved.

From Abstract to Particular

It is all very well to agree about an abstract "black rule," but when talk gets down to action, something more specific is called for: Which blacks?—or, even, which black? The Rhodesian blacks are profoundly and multiply divided. There are tribal divisions, some of them centuries old. Among the activist blacks, there are ideological and organizational divisions, and the bitter clash of personal ambitions. As in all these liberation struggles, there are wide divisions between the resident and the non-resident activists; and, still wider, between the politicians and the warriors. And there are divisions that trace to the foreign backers of this group and that.

But isn't this just the kind of political medley that a proper democratic procedure is designed to blend into a government expressing a workable consensus of the differing groups and individuals? Even so, but that can happen only where the democratic formula is accepted and democratic institutions exist and function; and this is not the situation within the black population that constitutes 95 per cent of the Rhodesian inhabitants—nor, to tell the truth, anywhere else in black Africa.

Can't the rival leaders at least make a deal among themselves and go through with a peaceful negotiation and some sort of domestic election? They may do so, but it is not likely that such a deal could last very long or stanch the bloodletting for more than a token period. Even a *pro forma* election would be hard to arrange. In an election the political types have an advantage—elections are their métier. The leaders of the armed guerrillas—the warriors—may not wish to concede the politicians that headstart. Why not get the power issue settled before having an election—settle it, that is, by direct force, at which the warriors have the advantage? It wasn't by elections or peaceful negotiations that Machel and Neto took power in Rhodesia's neighbors, Mozambique and Angola.

But can't the various leaders, both military and political, agree to share the power? This, we ought to realize by now, is not the African way (or the Asian or Latin American way, for that matter). The tradition of the paramount chief holds. One way or another, it must be decided who is to be Boss.

As additional obstacle to a peaceful solution, there are a good many blacks in Rhodesia—quite possibly a majority—who don't really want the "majority rule" they are scheduled to get. They may be illiterate, but they have heard what has been happening in Mozambique and Angola, not to speak of Uganda. Who could trust such black trash in a genuine democratic election?

From the standpoint, then, of many of the principals, there are solid grounds for *preferring* something of a bloodbath to a negotiated accord plus, possibly, a democratic ballot as the procedure for the transition. And there are at least three more factors that favor blood over ballots.

First, the more militant of the black leaders want the scenario to show that they have won liberation, not had it given to them by the whites.

Second, the black leaders do not intend that the "minority [white] rights" will be given anything approaching the broad interpretation that would reconcile the white Rhodesians to the loss of political power. Those "rights" are what all the fuss is about.

Third, the Rhodesian whites and blacks are not the only players in this game. The new revolutionary regimes in Mozambique and Angola, and their Soviet backers, have no interest in a peaceful, "reasonable" accord negotiated under Western auspices. They will make it—are making it—their business to see that Rhodesia does *not* go peacefully.

Let Them Eat Words

Abstractly considered, it is still conceivable that there should be a peaceful passing. For that, Britain and the U.S. would have to take the responsibility to keep it peaceful, by whatever means proved necessary. (Ian Smith may believe that to be his hidden card.) Britain, however, cannot do so and the U.S. will not. This is why our intervention was irresponsible (*pas sérieux*, the French would say). Who wills the end must will the means (I use St. Thomas' formulation of the principle this time instead of Trotsky's). We will—or profess to will—the peaceful transition but do not will the indispensable means.

Better, and more honorable, to have kept our mouths shut. □

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UNDUE PROCESS

Through imaginative reading of the Constitution, the judiciary in recent years has assumed a powerful role in our society. Today's courts see themselves as the best instrument to redress society's ills

The Courts as Sociologists

PETER J. RUSTHOVEN

In 1974, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission selected Thomas Hadfield, a white applicant, to be its Philadelphia District Office Director. George Rogers, a black whose application had been rejected, brought suit in federal court, charging that the EEOC—the Federal Government's anti-discrimination agency—had itself been guilty of race discrimination in making the selection. The court found that Hadfield was better qualified than Rogers; that the selection officer—herself black—had made her choice primarily on that basis; and that the hiring decision had been approved by superiors who had no knowledge of either applicant's race.

However, the selection officer also stated that because the three other EEOC directorships in the area were filled by blacks, she had thought that choosing a white "would reflect a racial balance." Despite Hadfield's superior qualifications, and despite the fact that the selection officer's concern for "racial balance" was found by the court to have been "never more than a make-weight" in the selection process, the court concluded that Rogers had been the victim of illegal discrimination. Accordingly, it awarded him back pay at the level of the director's job from the date Hadfield took office, which pay was to continue until the next opening in the Philadelphia area was filled, or until Rogers himself accepted another position with equal or better pay.

On March 20, 1974, a juvenile began yelling at a saleswoman in a downtown Boston department store, calling her, to quote from a subsequent account of the incident, a " 'f------ a------' and the like." When a female security guard approached, the juvenile "continued his tirade, calling her, among other things, a 'f------ a------' and a 'f------ pig.'" When asked to leave, the youngster "gestured by raising the third finger of his hand, symbolizing what he was verbally expressing." The juvenile was finally removed from the store, but managed to return and resume his previous behavior. All told, his activities went on for some forty minutes, and were witnessed by more than a hundred shoppers. The juvenile was tried and convicted of being a disorderly person; on appeal, however, the state Supreme Court overturned the conviction, holding that it had violated the defendant's right to "freedom of expression" under the First Amendment to the United States Constitution.

THESE INCIDENTS are not the whimsical constructs of a spoof of current tendencies in American law. Both are actual cases decided last year—the first, *Rogers* v. *Equal Employment Opportunity Commission*, by the United States District Court for the District of Columbia, and the second, *Commonwealth* v. *A Juvenile*, by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. While they are somewhat extreme examples, neither would greatly surprise the vast majority of the nation's lawyers and judges. Indeed, the reasoning and the results of *Rogers* and *A Juvenile* are sufficiently within the present mainstream of American judicial thinking that many legal professionals, particularly on the bench, would contend that both decisions were eminently correct.

Since at least the mid-1960s, conservatives have been disturbed by developments in the nation's courts. Ten years ago, the major cause for concern was a series of innovative decisions by the Supreme Court, especially on the constitutionality of criminal procedure. It seriously worried many Americans that the routine conviction of an unquestionably guilty criminal could not stand if, for example, the suspect had given a wholly voluntary confession without the police's informing him of his right to an attorney before questioning. The then-Chief Justice, Earl Warren, was often blamed, and his impeachment was implored by a thousand John Birch Society billboards. Most of the disgruntled, however, sought other remedies, and the promise to appoint judges sensitive to the "victim's rights" as well as the criminal's became part of Richard Nixon's successful campaign for the Presidency. More recently, public displeasure with the judiciary has centered on court-ordered busing to achieve "racial balance," a story that does not need retelling here.

The public's most common charges are that courts are exercising too sweeping a power (often usurping the legitimate functions of the legislative and executive branches in the process) and, specifically, that liberal judges are using

Mr. Rusthoven is an Indianapolis attorney and a monthly columnist for The Alternative. *A graduate of the Harvard Law School, he was a member of the board of editors of the* Harvard Law Review *from 1974 to 1976.*

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their office to impose results that accord with their political and social views. Although some of the Warren Court's constitutional cases present harder questions than many lay critics would admit, there is much to be said for these complaints.

BUT EXCESSIVE power and political bias are not, I believe, the most significant of the problems with the judiciary. These problems are largely reflections of a more serious, philosophical difficulty: an increasing number of judges hold the belief that law and the courts are the most appropriate and effective means of redressing the perceived ills of our society. An examination of a representative sampling of recent decisions shows that this belief transcends the rights of criminal defendants or the forced juggling of black/white pupil ratios.

The courts' most flexible and widely used tool is the Fourteenth Amendment, which holds that no state shall "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Passed just after the Civil War, the Amendment has in recent years been stretched to a degree undreamt of by its authors. The "due process" and "equal protection" clauses have provided a foothold for judicial supervision of almost every imaginable activity.

The case primarily responsible for encouraging the wide use of the due-process clause was *Goldberg* v. *Kelly*, in which the Supreme Court decided that the Constitution requires the punctilious observance of certain procedures before an individual can be removed from the welfare rolls.

KELLY WAS A New York welfare recipient whom the city eventually deemed ineligible for benefits. Although he had the right to request a post-termination review, he instead brought suit, contending that the procedures themselves were unfair. The Supreme Court's decision, both in its sociological commentary and in its legal definition, is a paradigmatic illustration of the "activist" judicial philosophy. Welfare, the majority opined, represents part of the "Nation's basic commitment . . . to foster the dignity and well-being of all persons within its borders," and serves to "bring within reach of the poor the same opportunities that are available to others to participate meaningfully in the life of the community." Moreover, the Court said, "welfare guards against the societal malaise that may flow from a widespread sense of unjustified frustration and insecurity." Moving on to points of law, the *Goldberg* decision concluded not only that welfare benefits, since they "are a matter of statutory entitlement for persons qualified to receive them," are a *property right* deserving of constitutional protection, but also that welfare is so important a right that it cannot be taken away without a *pre*-termination evidentiary hearing, complete with right to counsel and adversary procedures.

Goldberg is very easily criticized on practical grounds. Given the history of welfare in New York, most citizens would probably accept the city's decision that someone is ineligible without the holding of a semi-trial. But beyond this, one is struck by the ease with which the Court tosses off sociological observations of sweeping generality and at least doubtful validity. How could a majority of the unquestionably intelligent men who sat on the nation's highest bench in 1970 conclude that welfare has fostered dignity and well-being and provided opportunities for meaningful participation—much less that it has served as an effective guard against "societal malaise"? What is more surprising, however, is that the Court felt perfectly at home, first, discussing and "deciding" such issues, and, second, making that "decision" the basis for its explicit legal conclusions. Those legal conclusions themselves provide an excellent example of the mode of decision-making that has become typical in today's courts: a heavy emphasis on the rhetoric of "rights," plus an overweening faith in the well-nigh universal value of procedural formalities.

THUS, WELFARE—or more precisely, the continuation of benefits after the government has challenged eligibility—is styled a "right," a term most of us reserve for aspects of human freedom more stirring than the chance to remain on the dole. In holding that an about-to-be-terminated welfare recipient has a right to counsel at his hearing, the *Goldberg* decision quotes from an earlier case (*Powell* v. *Alabama*, 1932) that held that an indigent defendant is entitled to state-appointed counsel if the charge against him carries the death sentence. As United States Court of Appeals Judge Henry J. Friendly, one of the nation's most respected jurists, commented in a recent article ("Some Kind of Hearing," *University of Pennsylvania Law Review*): "Apparently no difference was perceived between a capital case and the suspension of a welfare allowance."

Goldberg v. *Kelly* has become a "seminal case." It has sparked, as Judge Friendly puts it, a veritable "due-process explosion" in which "the hearing requirement [has been carried] from one new area of government action to another"; the trend "has been to say, 'If there, why not here?' " Consider just the following case, last year's *Pope* v. *Chew*, which, although its result is not as disturbing as *Goldberg*'s, illustrates well how innovative interpretation of the due-process clause has affected the lower federal courts.

Pope v. *Chew* involved a convicted murderer who had been pardoned in 1962 after serving 26 years of a life sentence (and he was serving a life sentence only because the governor had commuted a death sentence). The pardon was conditional upon, among other things, Pope's never again being convicted of a criminal offense; if he were, the pardon would then become "null and void." In 1973, Pope was convicted, after a full-scale trial, of possession and sale of heroin, and the then-governor, on recommendation of the parole board, revoked the pardon. Seemingly a perfectly straightforward act—but wait. Pope sued in federal court, contending the revocation was unfair; and the United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit agreed, holding that he had been deprived of "liberty" without due process of law. Since two previous, less serious infractions by Pope had not cost him his pardon, the court decided that the governor's action was, despite the express language of the operative document, a "discretionary act." Moreover, said the court, Pope in any event had a "right" to "plead for further tolerance." Accordingly, the authorities could not force Pope to resume serving his life sentence without a hearing.

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Thus, before Virginia can reincarcerate a man who has violated the terms of its act of executive grace, it is put to the expense of what promises to be a singularly silly judicial proceeding—what, after all, can Pope possibly "show" at his hearing? On a nationwide scale, the expense that results from decisions like this is clearly significant. As Judge Friendly observes, "It should be recognized that procedural requirements entail the expenditure of limited resources, that at some point the benefit to individuals from an additional safeguard is substantially outweighed by the cost of providing such protection, and that the expense of protecting those likely to be found undeserving will probably come out of the pockets of the deserving." But what is more significant is the reappearance in *Pope* v. *Chew* of the factors noted in *Goldberg* v. *Kelly*—the rhetoric of "rights" and the excessive veneration of procedural formalities, combining to yield a social "solution" set forth in the name of the Constitution.

AT PRESENT the due-process clause seems infinitely elastic. The most significant recent Supreme Court decision is *Goss* v. *Lopez*, which holds that public-school students have a constitutional right to notice and a hearing before they may be suspended. There is no telling where, if anywhere, it will all end.

Judicial developments in other areas are equally illustrative of the judiciary's perception that law, especially the sort of "law" it mandates, provides the best approach to a variety of social difficulties. What is both disturbing and highly revelatory here, as in the due-process cases, is that the courts often see fit to impose, under the ostensible aegis of the Constitution, and in difficult and controversial areas, their own notions of reform.

Consider the Fourteenth Amendment's "equal protection" clause, which in essence prohibits a state from discriminating among different groups of citizens. As an extreme example, it would prohibit different penalties for Irish and Italian thieves. The recent use of the equal-protection clause is, however, of a subtler strain, and is surprisingly extensive in its scope.

The Supreme Court, for example, has voided duration-of-residency requirements for receipt of welfare benefits (*Shapiro* v. *Thompson*), and for voting in state elections (*Dunn* v. *Blumstein*), in decisions that also have "right to travel" overtones. In some instances, lower courts have invalidated at-large schemes for the election of city officials, claiming that such systems "dilute" the black vote—e.g., by making it impossible for a predominantly black district to elect its "own" representative to a city council. This has happened in cities as large as Dallas (*Lipscomb* v. *Wise*), and as small as Albany, Georgia (*Paige* v. *Gray*). Another court has held that equal protection means that a city cannot experiment with single-sex public high schools (*Vorcheimer* v. *School District of Philadelphia*). And one federal panel has even found that the Constitution demands that girls be permitted to play Little League baseball, at least if a municipality is materially supporting the League's program (*Fortin* v. *Darlington Little League, Inc.*). This last decision begins by stating, "This case concerns the right of a girl to play Little League baseball"; throughout, the opinion rather cloyingly refers to the young female plaintiff by her nickname, "Pookie." What is more important, however, is that even though Congress had already amended the Little League charter by inserting "young people" in place of "boys," the court still felt obligated to place the sexual integration of Little League baseball on a constitutional footing.

LIKE MOST interested citizens, I have opinions on residency requirements for voting, on at-large *versus* district election schemes, on co-education for adolescents, and even on the merits of mixing the sexes on a scaled-down baseball diamond. These are issues of widely varying importance, to be sure, and my views on them vary in intensity of passion. But I believe that the document penned by Madison and his colleagues at Philadelphia, even as subsequently amended, makes at most a highly attenuated and inferential contribution to these various debates, and often does not speak to the issue at all. It is a feature of the federal system they forged that it permits states and municipalities to adopt different answers to the issues posed by collective civilized existence. It is a distressing commentary on today's courts that they seem more willing than at any time in our history to impose their own views on these questions, and to label their prescriptions constitutional.

What I believe is finally revealed by the cases I have mentioned, and by others too numerous to recount, is that our judiciary seems no longer to share the Founding Fathers' confidence that the survival of our secular moral order depended less on governmental institutions—even those they were so carefully crafting—than on the ethical character of the citizens who would inherit the fruits of their labor. Most of our judges are reasonable, intelligent, earnest men, deserving of our respect; their efforts, including many with which I fundamentally disagree, can be faulted for neither insincerity nor bad faith. What those efforts can be faulted for, however, is their attempt to forge a role for the judiciary which doesn't suit it and in which even its best efforts must fail, with ill consequences to the society as a whole. The very attempt itself raises doubts about the health of that society; as the late Learned Hand noted in *The Spirit of Liberty* (1960), "Constitutions must not degenerate into vade-mecums or codes; when they begin to do so, it is a sign of a community unsure of itself and seeking protection against its own misgivings."

ALMOST TWO hundred years ago, Alexander Hamilton wrote in Federalist No. 78, employing a phrase made famous in our day by the late Professor Alexander M. Bickel, that the judiciary would prove "the least dangerous" branch of the newly established Federal Government. To be sure, Hamilton, along with Madison and Jay, was using *The Federalist* to sell the Constitution to a somewhat balky populace and was not inclined to emphasize latent difficulties in the product of the 1787 Convention. But it is unfortunate that reasonable men today cannot adopt Hamilton's assessment with the same confidence that he displayed. Human nature is of course imperfect, and defective judicial decisions will doubtless be with us for the duration of the Republic. But until cases like *Rogers*, *A Juvenile*, and *Goldberg* become rarities, rather than expressions of a prevailing judicial philosophy, the "least dangerous" branch will bear careful watching. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

The Crunch Is Here

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

"THE VALUE OF the pound continues to fall, and nobody knows why," declared a BBC news bulletin recently, "but there is better news about potatoes." This memorable sentence nicely captures Britain's official mood with its blend of alarm, perplexity, resignation, and fatuous optimism.

Crisis has followed crisis as ineluctably as month follows month. Indeed it might be more accurate to say that there has been a continuing, cumulative crisis, and that the value of the pound has fallen steadily except for remissions during which the Bank of England was able to sustain the rate artificially by the curious technique of buying its own money with borrowed dollars; a technique which, apart from being ruinously expensive, is ceasing to work, because foreign holders of sterling merely take advantage of these remissions to unload their remaining pounds.

And of course everybody, except a few Labor politicians and trade-union leaders who actually believe their own nonsense, knows exactly why.

Since Britain's inflation is still twice as rapid as that of most other industrial countries, the value of the pound in terms of other currencies must continue to fall. Nor is there any mystery about why Britain's rate of inflation remains so high. The Labor government, which now spends over 60 per cent of the nation's income, consistently pours out more money than it receives from the productive sectors of the economy. The gap can be filled only by printing or borrowing the extra money.

The Latest Crisis

A few months ago, the government, in the teeth of fierce opposition from its own supporters, announced what were supposed to be rigorous and painful cuts in public spending. But they weren't really cuts at all. They were merely slight reductions in the growth of already planned public spending.

The government dared not do more. Not only was the left wing of the Labor Party seething with revolt, but the unions, which have dominated this government's policy, would not allow it. The so-called "social contract"—the shockingly improper deal whereby the union leaders agreed to restrain their wage demands in return for a government program of which they approved (a program including all manner of new privileges for the unions and vicious new taxes on the self-employed and "the rich")—would have collapsed. And since this government has always claimed the "social contract" as its great achievement, its sole and sufficient cure for inflation, the prize which no Conservative government could deliver, this would have been both a political and an economic disaster; not because the "social contract" is really of great value, but because people have been led to believe that it is.

The latest crisis, or series of crises, began when the Seamen's Union threatened to strike for another wage increase sooner than the "social contract" allowed. While the government and the employers stood helplessly by, simply waiting to be told what had been arranged, the Seamen's leaders and the leaders of the other major unions negotiated with each other until they had worked out a formula which they claimed was compatible with the "social contract" but which, in fact, gave the seamen the money they wanted through a number of fringe benefits. It was not an exhibition designed to inspire confidence.

Then, at this precarious moment in late September, came the annual Conference of the Labor Party. What occurred was astonishing—indeed frightening—and a revelation to a great many people. The Conference and especially the National Executive, which is the Labor Party's chief policy-making body, are increasingly dominated by Marxists and fellow-traveling left-wingers. This year they really let themselves go.

They condemned even the government's small and spurious expenditure cuts. They demanded more, not less, public spending on almost everything except defense. They voted in favor of nationalizing the banks and insurance companies. The union leaders, who, as always, commanded enormous bloc votes at the Conference, urged the government to spend more money on make-work jobs and suggested a new levy on profits, which would then be invested by a state agency in politically approved industries.

Envy, bigotry, and class hatred filled the hall like a miasma. The left-wingers made their purpose very clear. They want to expropriate not only "the rich" (if any still exist in Britain), but the middle classes; to create a fully socialist state; and to detach Britain from the Western Alliance. They were resoundingly cheered.

Time, Money, and Ideas

On the other hand, when Prime Minister Callaghan tried to hammer home a few facts of economic life, he was given a very chilly reception; and Denis Healey, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was booed.

"For too long," said Mr. Callaghan, "this country has trodden the primrose path and borrowed money from abroad to maintain our standard of living. For too long Britain has lived on borrowed time, borrowed money, and borrowed ideas." And the very next day, Mr. Healey applied to the International Monetary Fund for another loan of $3.9 billion. Without it, he said, the economic consequences might soon be so grave that there would be "rioting in the streets."

The response of the Labor Party Conference was to insist that no conditions should be attached to the loan. "We can never," said Norman Atkinson, the newly elected party treasurer, "satisfy the insatiable demands of those who are trying to lend us money."

"I would favor a siege economy cutting ourselves off from the rest of the world," declared Alan Fisher of the Public Employees' Union. Tom Jackson, the leader of the Postal Workers' Union, had a slightly different approach: "We should tell the IMF: 'Either bail us out or we go down,

Mr. Lejeune is NATIONAL REVIEW*'s man in London.*

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pulling half the developed world with us.' "

The brutal truth was made unmistakably clear: the Labor government cannot do what needs to be done to save Britain, because it would be destroyed by its own supporters. But could the Conservatives do much better? There is not yet any great surge of support for them; partly because, even now, the seriousness of the situation is not fully appreciated, except in a few highly informed and sophisticated circles, and partly because people are afraid (the Labor Party has encouraged the idea) that the Conservatives would be prevented by the unions from governing effectively.

The Conservative Party Conference, in early October, at least looked respectable and decent compared with Labor's appalling performance. For the first time since he lost the party leadership, Edward Heath emerged from the tent in which he has been sulking to make a somber and powerful speech. "Britain," he said, "has come to the end of the present road. The crunch so long awaited, so often discussed, is now upon us." His speech included a somewhat grudging expression of support for Margaret Thatcher and for a new statement of Conservative policy which had just been published.

The Ratchet Effect

Faced with the Labor Party's increasingly dogmatic socialism, and uncomfortably aware that the middle-of-the-road compromise policies pursued by all the postwar Conservative governments not only failed to stem the leftward tide but, by their economic laxity, contributed to Britain's current plight, the Conservatives have been examining, less pragmatically and more intellectually than ever before, what they really believe. The debate between monetarists and advocates of an "incomes policy"—which is, at least partially, a debate between the libertarian and the paternalist wings of the party—has been waged with the passionate zeal of medieval theological disputes: and the monetarists have won—which is why Mr. Heath's approval was lukewarm.

Mr. Heath still hankers after the kind of corporate-state arrangements which his administration was trying to establish until the politically motivated obduracy of the Miners' Union destroyed his hopes. The Heath faction remains quite influential in the party, and there is also a good deal of sheer wetness, which the tougher-minded, more ideological Conservatives who backed Mrs. Thatcher have not been able to wring out. For the sake of unity and in order not to frighten nervous electors, the new policy document deliberately fudges the sharpest points of disagreement: but it does represent a clear, and clearly argued, move to the right. Matched by the Labor Party's bigger stride to the left, it means there is now a yawning gap between the two parties. The electorate really is being offered a choice, not an echo—and perhaps an irrevocable choice.

The question in many people's minds is whether it may not already be too late. Mrs. Thatcher herself has talked about "the ratchet effect" of socialism. Even if she wins an election and manages to loosen the ratchet and reverse the mechanism a little, how can she apply a ratchet in the opposite direction? And if she cannot, how will any Conservative government be able to restore confidence and lift the shadow of fear and uncertainty, when a Marxist party, committed (in its own words) to bringing about "an irreversible shift of wealth and power," is waiting in the wings for the next election or the election after that?

Meanwhile, ordinary people in Britain are being battered daily by the immediate consequences of what has already happened. If they go abroad, or even if they stay at home and watch the tourists in London, they soon realize that they have become the new poor of Europe. Wages and salaries are much lower than on the Continent or in America, and marginal tax rates are much higher, rising to the ludicrous figure of 98 per cent. Each time the value of the pound falls—and it has fallen by a third since this government came to power—the cost of everything Britain imports goes up: and Britain imports half her food and most of her raw materials. The impact of the latest fall has not yet worked through into the shops; so there are more blows due in the near future.

At the beginning of October the Bank of England raised its Minimum Lending Rate (which determines interest rates throughout the country) to the crisis level of 15 per cent. For some individuals—particularly those who are buying their homes with the aid of a bank or building society loan—this extra burden will be a personal disaster. The effect on British industry will be to check whatever slight recovery had begun and to stop investment plans dead. The average after-tax return on industrial investment is 4 per cent. Why borrow at 15, 16, or 17 per cent to earn a risky 4 per cent? So there will be no new jobs either, except in state-subsidized firms like British Leyland: and unemployment is already higher than at any time since the 1930s.

Hope for the Worst

The government itself, and municipal authorities, will be selling bonds—that is, borrowing money from the public—at similar extravagant interest rates, in order to fill the widening gap between bloated public expenditure and the income from taxes. Future taxpayers will have to provide huge sums merely to service these debts—unless the government defaults or inflation cheats the lenders.

When Mr. Healey and Mr. Callaghan, forgetting past predictions and promises ("Sterling," declared Mr. Healey in June, "will rise sharply and then settle down at a stable level"), say blandly that Britain is on the right course and that they have no intention of changing their policies, the effect is far more frightening than reassuring.

Mr. Heath may be wrong in thinking that the final crunch has arrived. The crunch has been predicted—and postponed—before. Each new crisis does, however, shake and further weaken Britain's tottering edifice. Something may crack quite soon. Certainly the process cannot continue indefinitely.

The essential fact about all Britain's troubles is that they are political. They did not happen by accident or Act of God. They were in no sense inevitable. They were caused by bad government and could be cured by good government. Merely changing from a Labor administration to a Conservative administration might not be enough, but getting rid of the present Labor government is a necessary condition of there being any chance at all. Nothing could be more decisively in the national interest; so, if further shocks are needed to bring this government down, patriotic Englishmen—and Britain's friends abroad—must simply hope for the worst. □

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INSTITUTIONAL BILINGUALISM

The first great commandment of Canadian liberalism: that ye pass laws equalizing each other's language rights. From British Columbia to Nova Scotia, backs have already begun to lash

Canada's Forced Busing

JOHN MUGGERIDGE

ICI L'AÉROPORT *international de Montréal. Allo, Air Canada, vol deux cent soixante-quinze. Toutes les voies d'envoi sont fermées. Ne descendez pas. . . . Comment? Vous êtes anglophone? . . . Ne quittez pas, s'il vous plaît.* . . . It's for you Joe. . . . (Click, crackle, beep.) . . . This is Montreal International Airport calling Air Canada, Flight two seven five. All the runways are . . . What's that? . . . *Zut alors, Pierre*, too late again.

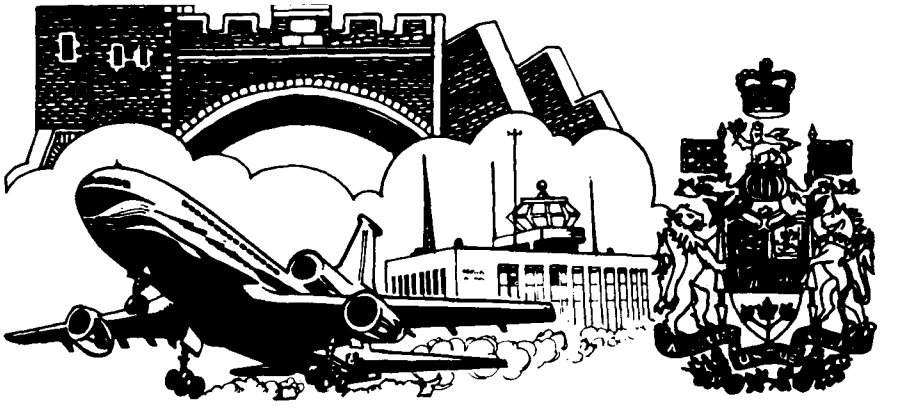
A flight of fancy from Arthur Hailey's latest? Not at all, according to the Canadian Air Line Pilots Association, which has been warning against the dangers of bilingual air traffic control ever since it was introduced by the federal government at five Quebec airports last summer. A pilot's life is hard enough these days, argues Ken Maley, CALPA president, without the added complication of having to keep a phrasebook in the cockpit; the last thing one should have to worry about when bringing down a Boeing 707 on a crowded runway is whether *tout droit* means *straight on* or *keep right*.

Maley has already documented twenty accidents directly attributable to language foul-ups since the new regulations came in, and there must have been many more close shaves. Maley tells, for example, of one occasion when the French-speaking pilot of a private plane from Saint Jean, Quebec, insisted on his right to be talked down in the statutory language of his choice at Toronto to the extent of ignoring English-only directions from that busy international airport and not only landing but also taking off again without any clearance.

The pilots' case is obviously a powerful one. Nor can their stand be dismissed as just another expression of English-Canadian chauvinism. It has now won full support from the International Federation of Air Line Pilots Associations, which passed a motion at its last meeting, in Acapulco, designating the Canadian bilingual system "an affront to the aviation world . . . a step backward in air safety."

Here, surely, is an opinion we would do well to take seriously. Ottawa has always insisted that dual-language ground-to-air communications were brought in on a strictly experimental basis. All right, then. The experts having judged the experiment to be counterproductive, why can't it be canceled? Because it is government-conducted, and in government circles, "experimental" has a very special meaning. It refers not to the tentative or provisional nature of something, but rather to its growth potential.

Thus last October, over the objections of Maley's group, Ottawa proposed *extending* the scheme to airports in Quebec outside the original five. The pilots called a one-day strike in protest. Air Canada, a state-controlled company, promptly took out a court injunction forcing its pilots to stay aloft, and we began hearing for the first time confirmed reports that certain fields *in Ontario* were slated to go bilingual. Then this June the Air Traffic Controllers joined the fight, staging their own nationwide strike to protest government delays in carrying out a promised inquiry into the safety aspects of aerial bilingualism, and ten days later when the dust finally settled and the planes were flying again (was it poetic justice that the author himself was forced on June 22 to fly from Toronto to London by first making a four-hour bus trip to Detroit?), Ottawa coolly announced that there was nothing of substance to inquire into. Bilingual air traffic control was coming to Quebec whatever happened, and safety regulations would have to be adapted accordingly.



Government-operated or not, it is difficult to see how the program can be kept local. Modern commercial aviation simply does not lend itself to the setting up of language zones. Today's pilots need a *lingua franca*. The one they

Mr. Muggeridge teaches English and is the Canadian Studies specialist at Niagara College in Welland, Ontario.

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have adopted happens for historical reasons, which have nothing whatsoever to do with the clash of nationalities in Canada, to be English, or rather, as Maley points out, a highly technical form of English which even Anglo-Saxons have to learn from scratch. This language, according to Maley, dominates aerial communications not only at New York, Toronto, and London, but at Amsterdam, Tokyo, and, of all places, Peking.

However, it is not just creeping bureaucracy or the lack of definable aerial frontiers that the pilots and traffic controllers are up against. They are flying in the face of the most sacred of all Canadian liberal dogmas—bilingualism. This is the first and great commandment: that ye pass laws equalizing each other's language rights. The recently published report of the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism says: "For us the principle of equal partnership takes priority over all historical and legal considerations regardless of how interesting and important such considerations may be."

But, alas, historical and legal considerations have a nasty habit of being not only interesting and important, but also decisive. Canadian development simply has not lent itself to creating equal language partnerships. Traditionally, we have thought of ourselves as a British nation with room for both French- and English-language groups. This formula worked well enough while we were still visibly part of the British Empire, but today, with that international entity gone beyond recall, it becomes increasingly difficult to distinguish between our *Englishness* and *Britishness*. French Canadians don't even bother to try. As far as they are concerned, in Canada, what is not French (or as they say, *canadien*) is *anglais*.

In one sense, of course, French Canadians correctly identify *British* with *English*. The *language* of British-Canadian nationalism is certainly English, a fact which is reflected not only in the pages of our intellectual history, but also in our census returns. The latter reveal us to be an English-speaking community containing a solid French-speaking minority. Spoken French is secure enough in Quebec (although even in that province, as elsewhere in the Dominion, English is the usual language of business and industry). In western Canada, most of Ontario, and all of the Maritime Provinces except New Brunswick, however, the speaking of French is slowly but irreversibly disappearing. The few hundred thousand French Quebeckers who have ventured into English Canada (more have emigrated to the United States) find themselves, like all uprooted people in North America, under constant pressure to adopt the language of the majority. Our telephone directories are full of English-speaking Forrests who not so long ago were LaForests and before that, *Laforet*. In metropolitan Toronto, more Japanese and Chinese is spoken than French, and more citizens claim fluency in Yiddish than list French only as their maternal language. As Toronto goes, so goes English Canada.

A Stalin, perhaps, could order us to keep alive the minority language on pain of being sent to a labor camp in northern *Colombie britannique*. Leaders of liberal democracies are more circumscribed in their options. One thing, however, which does seem to be available to them, and in unlimited quantities, is money, especially money for bilingualism. In English-speaking Canada the motto nowadays is: If it's French, subsidize it. Want to form a folk-dancing group, open a book shop, call a conference, or shoot a movie? Far and away your best bet is to do it *en français*.

The underlying objection to bilingualism is the threat it poses to the community

Cultural bribery is not the only avenue open to liberal democrats looking for ways to instigate unwanted social change. They can try legislation. Canadians are having their first practical experience of legislated or, to use the preferred epithet, institutional bilingualism. The political turbulence experienced by our pilots and air traffic controllers has already been referred to. That was institutional bilingualism. Now the government is in the midst of setting off similar shock waves on the ground. We are to be afflicted with "affirmative action" on behalf of French-speaking civil servants. What Ottawa has in mind is not quotas, not minima, but, as one Trudeau spokesman patiently put it, "a certain number of public servants in the federal civil service who will have to work in French." Today those who find themselves in this position number just over 20,000. The plan is to increase that figure to 54,000 by 1978.

Now for all Trudeau's fine reputation as an empire-builder—federal expenditure up 400 per cent in the last ten years—it seems unlikely that even he contemplates creating 34,000 new bureaucrats over the next two years. What then of the English-speaking workers whom affirmative action is inevitably going to displace? Let them speak French, and if they have no ear for languages or do not fancy, perhaps in their last years before retirement, submitting to the rigors of a language laboratory, let them be transferred. Should all else fail, then they can always be, as we say in Ottawa, let go. The only alternative step, a multimillion-dollar program to teach French to unilingually English civil servants, has, on the testimony of the government's very own Official Languages Commissioner, failed miserably.

But what is so heinous about institutional bilingualism? Surely we can afford a few paltry tax dollars, some after-hours wrestling with earphones and tape recorders, to do justice to our French-speaking fellow Canadians. The underlying objection to bilingualism is neither the money it costs, nor even the inequity that programmed egalitarianism always ultimately gives rise to. It is the threat that it poses to the community. Anti-bilingualists feel that their collective privacy is being invaded. Here the parallel with forced busing is closest. A small Nova Scotia farming community 98 per cent English-speaking wakes up one morning to read in the newspaper that a nearby Canadian Armed Services Base, the largest source of local employment, is to go French. Suddenly the language of Saturday-night dances will be foreign.

It is not a plot, of course, just enlightened pressure to get us to accept meaningful change. Nevertheless from the point of view of the man on the spot it *looks* sinister. Backs begin to lash. Irate parents in Toronto have their daughter sit in the school library while the class is giving its morning rendition of the national anthem because the principal, succumbing to an outbreak of bilingualitis, has ordered it sung in French. And now an organization actually called the Committee on Bilin-

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gual Backlash (the name is derived from a contemptuous remark by Trudeau) has been formed to fight institutional bilingualism in southern Ontario.

The chief researcher for Bilingual Backlash is Mrs. Joan Gillis, one of those bright, dedicated women with chains on their glasses who pop up more and more frequently these days in the Right to Life Movement or Morality in the Media. She has the facts. She *knows* which politician said what when. Her arguments are intelligent, moderately stated, and irrefutable—at least no one has ever seen fit to refute them. Mrs. Gillis claims that we are getting bilingualism not where it is needed but where the government thinks it should be pushed. Why else, she asks, did those responsible for fixing the boundaries of Official Bilingual Districts, where in future all federal services will have to be provided in French and English, ignore the census category of "language most often spoken at home" and measure us instead according to our maternal language when everyone knows that half Canada has forgotten its maternal language? Above all why weren't people actually living in the communities concerned asked whether they liked the idea of bilingual districts? There is no recorded demand for them at the local level from either language group. Mrs. Gillis, who served in Europe during the war, said to me, "It makes you wonder what we were fighting for over there."

What she was fighting for, of course, was that very idea of a British-Canadian identity which is under such strenuous attack these days. She was fighting so that the Queen could open the Montreal Olympics. This brings up the touchy question of loyalty. Like all of us, of course, the bilingualists have their loyalties. The question is: Do their loyalties coincide with Mrs. Gillis'? The biggest name among them, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, opposed Canadian involvement in World War II. He sincerely believed that that conflict was not his concern. He now as sincerely seems to believe that Mrs. Gillis' community, 3 per cent of which speaks French (a larger proportion of its citizens usually communicate in Italian), should become institutionally bilingual. His argument is that on successfully instituting bilingualism the future of Canada depends.

There is one serious weakness in Trudeau's position. His vision of a bilingual Canada is being resisted not only in English Canada but even more strenuously in Quebec, as was evidenced on November 15 in the provincial election that threw out the Liberal regime of Premier Bourassa. The last thing French Quebeckers want in their province is an equal language partnership. In fact they are busy using their control of provincial government to pass laws designed to give French the same position of unquestioned ascendancy that English enjoys in the rest of the country.

Hence the curious spectacle in contemporary Canada of two language pol-

Bilingualism is simply a way of appeasing Quebec, and keeping Trudeau in the chair at Ottawa

icies being put into effect, one by Ottawa and the other by Quebec city, which totally contradict each other. While Trudeau hands out public funds on a come-and-get-it basis to implement the Official *Languages* Act, authorities in Quebec last year enacted an Official *Language* Act which makes French the first language of the province and strictly limits the use of English. In Ontario, French education is receiving a golden shower; in Quebec, under the new legislation, to earn the right to be publicly educated in English a student must pass a government proficiency test in that language, and Italian immigrants in Montreal recently took to the streets in protest against French-only schooling.

When the Bilingual Districts Advisory Committee visited Montreal, which is about 26 per cent English, so strongly was the idea of giving formal protection to minority English rights opposed that the Board decided to advise against creating an official bilingual district there on the grounds that to do so would only contribute to local friction. The truth seems to be that what must be avoided in Quebec to minimize local divisiveness is to be encouraged in Ontario to overcome local prejudice.

Here we get at the inner meaning of institutional bilingualism. It is not primarily intended to protect the rights of language minorities. It is simply a way of appeasing Quebec, of keeping the country together and Trudeau in the chair at Ottawa. And our liberal opinion-makers have got their message across. Under the entry "Bilingualism" in the index of *Canadian News Facts*, our equivalent of *Facts on File*, the reader is told to see also "National Unity." We now take for granted that the two go together. They don't. Quebec began passing unilingual legislation and the separatist movement became respectable and electorally powerful in that province at precisely the same time that we English-Canadian liberals started beating our breasts about linguistic inequality. Moreover, we know in our hearts that countries are not kept together by egalitarian breast-beating or even egalitarian law-making.

The truth is that the current anxiety to placate Quebec goes deeper than mere nationalist pragmatism. It is motivated by what James Burnham tells us is the driving force behind all varieties of liberalism: guilt. A French-Canadian radical nationalist calls his fellow Quebeckers the white niggers of America, and that is precisely how they are looked upon by liberal English Canada. We have wronged them. Our ancestors defeated their ancestors on the Plains of Abraham. (If only, in my darker moments I sometimes wish, Wolfe had been *serious* about preferring to have written Gray's "Elegy" rather than scaling the ramparts at Quebec. But that's history. People *will* make the mistake of wanting to win.) We have wronged French Canada. It is an oppressed minority. Bilingualism is the price we are paying for that fact.

What busers and bilingualists, then, have most deeply in common is the desire for collective atonement. Blood has not yet been shed on the language issue. But that may come. Already we have a promising cast of rednecks and racists, Mrs. Gillis' "middle-aged middle Canadian," and was it imagination or did I really detect a Southern accent in the voice of her leading supporter? Ken Maley himself is beginning to have reactionary overtones. If only there were a photo of him lining up to bomb Dresden. No matter. The liberal stereotypers are hard at work through the person of Keith Spicer, our esteemed Official Languages Commissioner, who recently in a burst of academic objectivity referred to the English-speaking inhabitants of a famous Montreal suburb as "Westmount Rhodesians." □

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WHY NOT?

Competition in Welfare

ALAN REYNOLDS

THE PRESIDENTIAL campaign did not produce a single concrete proposal for major welfare reform. That is rather remarkable since government spending on welfare, income maintenance, and health amounted to $208 billion in 1975—a sum sufficient to provide $8,035 apiece for every man, woman, and child below the poverty line. Even after adjusting for inflation and population growth, real social welfare spending has more than tripled since 1960, soaring from $315 per capita to $957 (in 1975 dollars). Granted that some of these programs have other purposes, their main rationale has been to alleviate economic hardship. Yet it is obvious that most of this money is not going to the poor.

A series of scandals has plagued nearly every government welfare scheme, particularly in housing and Medicaid, suggesting that a sizable chunk of these tax dollars simply fattens the incomes of those providing the subsidized services or of those administering the programs. Food stamps probably drive up the price of processed foods, for example, and housing subsidies do the same to house prices.

Suppose we could somehow get a fresh start, adopting a zero-based budget for the whole mess. How would we then go about establishing an efficient welfare industry?

A case can be made for requiring compulsory payments to this sort of service, because it would otherwise be possible for anyone to enjoy the benefits that the industry produces (e.g., seeing fewer emaciated children on the streets) without himself contributing a dime. Because non-contributors would thus get a free ride from contributors, less of this service would be produced.

The presence of such an imperfection in voluntary market arrangements does not, however, justify nationalizing the welfare industry. Governments are imperfect too, and they have neither perfect information about taxpayers' demands concerning welfare, nor a strong incentive to cater to those demands. Voting is a rough guide at best, since it provides few and infrequent choices among deceptively labeled packages.

Besides, there is no reason to suppose that people suddenly become more charitable upon entering a voting booth, and voting to send someone else's money to a worthy cause (or to yourself) is surely as much of a free ride as could possibly exist in purely private welfare.

But suppose we concede the need for compulsory payments—taxes—to finance at least some of the welfare industry. That still would not require direct governmental provision of welfare services, let alone a centralized near-monopoly of such services.

In any other industry, there is a general presumption that consumers are most effectively served when they have the widest possible range of choice. Now, the consumers of welfare services are not those who benefit from those services, but those who pay the bills—the taxpayers. It is fairly simple to devise a hypothetical plan that would give consumer-taxpayers a tighter control over their misused welfare dollars. The idea is to foster competition in the provision of services that alleviate economic distress, and the benefits would be much the same as those obtained from competition in other activities—more innovation, and more incentive to produce the most benefits at the least cost.

The Federal Government, in this ideal system, would begin by setting very specific objectives concerning who is to be helped and how. An organization meeting these performance standards could qualify to receive payments from taxpayers in lieu of the taxpayers' support of federal welfare programs. That is, taxpayers could take a full tax credit against some percentage (say, one-third) of their tax liability for money contributed to qualified organizations. Thus someone who owed $900 in taxes would be allowed to give $300 of it to the welfare firm of his choice, and the government could reduce its own welfare spending accordingly.

These welfare suppliers could be public or private, profit or nonprofit, local or global, so long as they met the requirements.

These requirements would include some measure of cost-effectiveness, such as requiring that a large portion of receipts be channeled to the beneficiaries. Firms would be subject to detailed reporting requirements and periodic inspections, but this should prove no more burdensome than keeping track of the current programs. The government could publish information about the welfare suppliers, although the market demand for such information could probably be supplied at a profit.

Scandals in welfare programs would be big news, as they are now, but taxpayers could take immediate corrective action. A whiff of scandal would surely cause a sharp and swift reduction in contributions, and the government could also withdraw an organization's eligibility for the tax credit. These two controls would provide a tremendous incentive to proper management, since bad management and bad programs would not survive.

THE TAX CREDIT offers massive advantages over the existing deduction for vaguely defined charitable contributions. For one thing, the existing deduction is more valuable to taxpayers in high brackets, while a dollar of tax credit is worth a dollar to everyone. Changing to a credit would promote more contributions by those with modest incomes. Moreover, the requirement that organizations meet certain objectives would add a new discipline to both the existing governmental programs and the private programs, donations to which are already tax-deductible as charitable contributions. Even if the requirement were as loose as requiring that half of the money go to poor people, it is doubtful that many HEW programs or private charitable organizations would qualify. Some private organizations, such as churches or the YMCA, would probably create

(Continues on page 1367)

Mr. Reynolds is a vice president of the First National Bank of Chicago.

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LETTER FROM DETROIT

The Mice That Roared

RUSSELL KIRK

CALL TO ACTION, otherwise known as the U.S. Bishops Conference on Liberty and Justice for All, met in the devastated city of Detroit from October 20 to 23, with some 1,300 delegates attending. My wife was a delegate from the diocese of Grand Rapids; and I, wearing a press badge, went along to shelter her from the sturdy beggars and masterless men of the Cass Corridor, which howling slum marches with the convention center on the Detroit River.

What happened at Cobo Hall during those four days will cause sound and fury within the Catholic Church of this country for some years. In name, this convention of clergy and laity was the grand Bicentennial event of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. But how much the majority of delegates actually intended to commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of the Republic may be gathered from this passage in one of the resolution-documents adopted by the assembly: "While we affirm with gratitude all the positive elements in our heritage, we are conscious of our complicity in the many injustices committed at home and abroad through our uncritical acceptance of the social, economic, and political system in which we participate. We hear the cries of our oppressed brothers and sisters."

Scarcely anything more was said about those vague "positive elements." As for the bishops whose conference this was supposed to be, some never turned up; others, cardinals among them, appeared briefly and then fled; those who endured to the bitter end perhaps learned something salutary in this school of hard knocks. "You came here to listen, not to talk!" said one militant priest to an unhappy bishop who had attempted to utter sense at one of the workshop sessions. Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia declared that the conference had fallen into the clutch of rebels.

IN BRIEF, Call to Action converted itself into a one-man/one-vote National Assembly, all ranks and dignities commingled and confounded, after the French pattern of 1789 rather than after the American pattern of 1776. The majority of the delegates tumultuously endorsed resolutions instructing the bishops to arrange promptly for ordination of women, marriage of the clergy, and a fair deal for homosexuals. Although these calls to action are sufficiently sensational, many other resolutions hastily adopted would alter the Church—and the Republic—still more greatly, were they to take on flesh.

"This conference doesn't really represent American Catholicism," a nationally known monsignor told me. "Where are the professional people, the businessmen, the labor people?"

"This is a convention of Church Mice," I answered. By Church Mice I mean members, paid or volunteer, of the spreading bureaucracy of the Catholic Church in America—Catholic Charities functionaries (whose chief work nowadays is to filter governmental funds through a Church apparatus); malcontent new-breed nuns who would prefer anything to fasting and prayer; activist new-breed priests of the sort who find lettuce boycotts far more lively than visiting the sick; members of parish committees and auxiliary organizations, parochial or provincial (at best) in their outlook; folk who have small knowledge of the real world beyond the shadow of the parish church.

Call to Action was the monstrous baby of Cardinal Dearden of Detroit, upon whom the Church had conferred responsibility for celebrating the Bicentenial. Every participating diocese was entitled to send nine delegates to Detroit; the bishops were supposed to select the nine. But many of the delegates seem to have thrust themselves militantly upon the timorous bishops; others were named because their faces were familiar to bishops; yet others appear to have been nominated at random. In many dioceses, little or no preparatory study of the "working papers" had been undertaken. In consequence, though there were among the delegates a number of learned, sober, experienced, and moderate people, the majority were either aggressive social-action types or functionaries easily persuaded or intimidated by the militants.

No one was permitted to speak more than two minutes in the workshops. On the floor of the Assembly, only the briefest debate was allowed, and no discussion whatsoever was allowed for a number of important resolutions. The "working papers" were converted with few changes into resolutions; and even more startling manifestos, not mentioned in the working papers, were passed by voice vote in the frantic closing hours. When a resolution about some Florida labor dispute was adopted without debate, my wife struggled to a microphone and asked the chairman why some brief account of the dispute could not have been read before the voting. The chairperson, Monsignor John Egan, replied blandly that this was a good suggestion; then the steamroller proceeded as before.

THE ASSEMBLY declared its will on subjects which for centuries have perplexed the wisest heads among theologians, church historians, moralists, and statesmen: the Church, the family, ethnicity and race, humankind, nationhood, neighborhood, personhood, work. The majority had no misgivings, and desired not to be troubled with the facts. Consider the following resolution on "Defense of Human Rights." American foreign policy should allow "the development of political and economic systems that differ from our own. We urge that no economic or military support be extended to any government which displays a pattern of gross violations of human rights, whether based on political or religious grounds. We call upon the people of the United States to restrict any further government or corporate involvement in these nations, allowing exceptions only for specific humanitarian needs."

Curiouser and curiouser! We are to tolerate political and economic systems that differ from our own, and yet to deny any public or private assistance to nations which don't have our own civil-rights pattern! Perhaps only Switzerland would qualify for aid. Are we

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then to allow the people of Africa to starve until their governments become just?

With similar omniscience, the "Humankind" section insists "that Catholics be encouraged to support movements for freedom, justice, and reconciliation in other nations. There is a Christian imperative to identify with oppressed peoples in such countries as South Africa, Chile, those countries under Communist domination, Korea, the Philippines, Northern Ireland, and Lebanon, to name a few." One looks in vain for definitions of "oppression." Who are the oppressed in Lebanon, for instance—the Fatah terrorists or the Catholic militia? We are told elsewhere to disarm speedily—as if that would improve the lot of the oppressed of Eastern Europe. It is interesting that the recommendations make no adverse mention of, say, Uganda or Chad.

You may begin to suspect that this Bicentennial gathering was dominated by ideologues who desire to politicize the Church and indulge their appetites for power. Some delegates were quite frank about it. A number of them obviously regarded the Catholic Church in America as a potentially useful auxiliary of the extreme left wing of the Democratic Party, but good for little else; others were more radical in their aspirations.

Call to Action

Church
Ordination of women; elimination of sexist language in Church documents, catechisms, hymnals; a national office for women within the National Conference of Catholic Bishops; financial accountability; local participation in the selection of bishops.

Ethnicity and Race
Affirmative action; appointment of more black, Hispanic, and other ethnic bishops.

Work
Establishment of diocesan plans for equal opportunity; use of Church investments to influence social justice in Third World countries; repeal of right-to-work laws; ratification of ERA.

Neighborhood
Establishment and Church support of local neighborhood and community groups; establishment of a commission of delegates to study, among other things, the use of food products as a national and international political tool.

Family
End of automatic excommunication of divorced Catholics who remarry; development of programs to enable families to open themselves to the injustices of the world.

Personhood
Opening the office of preacher to women, youth, and unordained men; support for the bishops' pro-life activities; pastoral care to sexual minorities and victims of rape.

Humankind
Establishment of a network of diocesan justice and peace commissions; condemnation of nuclear weapons; complete ban on arms sales abroad.

Nationhood
National commitment to a policy of peace and disarmament.

To the majority, "liberty" seemed to mean increased direction by government and church bureaucracies. (They proposed vast new layers of church bureaucracy and committee-work at every level.) To the majority, "justice" seemed to mean total equality of condition. (How many participants ever had read Aquinas on justice, or even the excellent little book *Justice*, by Josef Pieper?)

"Is this the beginning of the end of the Catholic Church in America?" an observer, a young writer and editor, asked me. "Not so," I told him. "These delegates have shocked and alarmed the bishops; and even the dullest and most progressive bishop is jealous to guard one thing—his episcopal authority. The boasted 'Five Year Plan' for implementing these crazy demands will be ignored by the bishops. And the bishops will find their resistance sustained by the vast majority of American Catholics."

Thus the Detroit conference might actually accomplish some good. It will wake up bishops to the erosion of the Church's authority, and it will cause many Catholics to reflect that Christ came not to seize the kingdoms of the earth, but to save sinners.

Outside Cobo Hall, three lesbians were prancing and chanting, like Macbeth's witches on the blasted heath. "Women, love yourselves," their placards declared. "The bishops don't." Inside the hall, the most conspicuous booth was that of Dignity Detroit, the local chapter of a homosexual league.

"At this very time there is a fierce struggle," John Henry Newman wrote in 1836, "the spirit of Antichrist attempting to rise, and the political power in those countries which are prophetically Roman, firm and vigorous in repressing it. . . . At least we know from prophecy that the present framework of society and government, so far as it is the representative of Roman powers, is that which withholdeth, and Antichrist is that which will rise when this restraint fails."

In Cobo Hall, the majority seemed happy at the prospect of sweeping away the present framework of society and government to clear the way for "the rebirth of utopias"; and they wasted no love upon Roman powers. This would not have surprised Newman. Satan is accomplished in promises, Newman continued: "Do you think he is so unskillful in his craft, as to ask you openly and plainly to join him in his warfare against the Truth? No; he offers you baits to tempt you. He promises you civil liberty; he promises you equality; he promises you trade and wealth; he promises you a remission of taxes; he promises you reform. . . . He scoffs at times gone by; he scoffs at every institution which reveres them. He prompts you what to say, and then listens to you, and praises you, and encourages you. He bids you mount aloft. He shows you how to become as gods."

The Conference's naïve liberalism of yesteryear runs against the whole tide of American conviction nowadays. The bishops aren't fools, and the American public does not intend to demolish our existing structure of order and justice and freedom at the behest of an egalitarian utopianism. The silliness of Call to Action soon will be forgotten; and we have 13 years—until 1989, the really important date in our Bicentennial commemoration—in which to prepare for a call to thought. □

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CAMBODIA

Diary from Darkness

YIN SAVANNARY

Before the Khmer Rouge takeover, Mr. Savannary was a student at the National Institute of Administration in Cambodia. His wanderings through postwar Cambodia ended October 15, 1975, when he crept across the border into Thailand. This is his story of life under the Khmer Rouge.

BY THE MORNING of April 17, 1975, the last government forces protecting Phnom Penh had put down their weapons and withdrawn into the city. The Independence Monument became a collection place for surrendered weapons. About ten M-113 armored troop carriers flying the white flag of surrender had been driven from Takhmao (about 11 miles from Phnom Penh) to the headquarters of the Armed Forces on October Ninth Street, Phnom Penh's main street.

At 8 A.M. the Khmer Rouge surfaced in the city, many of them having infiltrated the previous evening. They gathered around the Independence Monument. Some shot in the air to warn the passersby; others collected motorcycles and three-wheeled vespas from the people.

I was standing in front of the Ly Den pharmacy, near Independence Monument, at about 9 A.M. when the chilling order for everyone to leave Phnom Penh was issued. People in my district were told to evacuate toward the south.

In front of Chamcar Mon, the president's residence, a group trying to get rice from a warehouse so they would have something to eat on the journey were fired upon by the Khmer Rouge. Many were killed or wounded. Traffic leaving Phnom Penh was very slow because of the confusion and disorder. At 9 P.M. I arrived at Kien Svay, about 11 miles from Phnom Penh. On my way I saw the bodies of ten people who had just been shot.

Since I had left in such a hurry, I had neither food nor sleeping gear. I decided the next day, April 18, to return to Phnom Penh to get some of these things. On the way I saw three Khmer Rouge in a Jeep calling through a loudspeaker for former officers of the Lon Nol regime and former National Assembly deputies to return and take up their positions with the new government. But I was told by a friend, a first lieutenant, that a group of officers who had obeyed these orders had been killed. Most, knowing of this, tried to disguise themselves and blend in with the refugees.

At the Monivong Bridge over the Mekong, frequent bursts of gunfire greeted those trying to return to Phnom Penh. I walked along the Bassak River to Koh Norea where many who had become separated from their families were using rubber tires to enable themselves to swim the river. The Khmer Rouge on the west bank of the Bassak River shot many of them. Discouraged, I turned back and spent the night (April 19) at the post office of Chbar Ampeou.

One Mango: $2

On April 20, I was back at Prek Eng. There were dense crowds along both sides of Highway 1, stretching from the shoulder of the road to the fields. Among them were the sick and wounded who had been driven out of the hospitals. A friend of mine, First Lieutenant Yean, and another man whose name I don't know died in the heat of the sun after being forced out of Calmet Hospital.

That same evening I arrived at Bosbauv Pagoda near Kean Svay. Five Khmer Rouge were checking papers, looking for soldiers of Lon Nol's regime.

On April 28, I was ordered by the Khmer Rouge to drive a Peugeot 404 sedan from a plywood factory where hundreds of cars were being stored to the Neak Luong River. There were many big trucks abandoned along Highway 1. On the other side of the river I saw more than four hundred cars being readied for shipment to an unknown destination. Along with them were three truckloads of medicine and five truckloads of motorbikes. The downtown section of Neak Luong had been completely destroyed by fire; bodies lay among the chunks of concrete and charred wood.

When I returned from Neak Luong, it was to face new horrors. Many people were sick with cholera; about ten a day died of it. By May 1, the situation was desperate, especially for those who had been driven out of Phnom Penh. There was nothing to eat. People were told where to go, but no food was provided. The value of the Cambodian riel had fallen drastically. Two small pieces of sweet potato now cost 1,000 riels, about 65 cents; a ripe mango, $2; one Tetracycline pill, $2; one kilogram of sugar (2.2 lbs.), $4; a pack of Fortune cigarettes, $3.35. (At the official rate of exchange early in the war, 1,000 riels were worth two American dollars. By the close of the war, 1,000 riels were valued at approximately 65 cents.)

A week later we were told that the Khmer Rouge, in order to avert a famine, had decided to let the people go back to the provinces where they were born. Thus I was given oral permission to go to Battambang, my native province. I traveled to Rokar Kang by boat and then walked to Prek Kdam alone. There I joined 12 friends who had also been born in Battambang, and we traveled on by boat.

Presently we were stopped by the Khmer Rouge, who said we were traveling without permission. They kept us prisoner in a village occupied by people who had been evacuated from the cities. We lived in small shelters made of bamboo. Hundreds of the younger people were ordered to build a road, about nine miles long, from Punlai to Unchanh Roung. The food was insufficient, especially for such hard work. Every other day we were given one can of rice (about two cups) without salt or fish. Disease was prevalent; everyone was emaciated. The monks, who were ordered to work like everyone else, were given just rice soup to eat. They told me they feared Buddhism would be wiped out in Cambodia.

This article, translated and adapted from the Khmer by Mareine Man and Pat Willett, was first published by the Cambodian Association of America.

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Finally the threat of starvation forced me to desperate measures. Two friends and I, along with two of the monks, made a break for Battambang city. But our freedom was short-lived. We were stopped and held prisoner for two days. On May 26 we were sent with thirty others to Trapeang Chorng, and from there two Khmer Rouge walked us to the mountains southwest of Pausat city. That part was very bad. Most of those who were brought there, we heard, did not survive. I decided to try for freedom again.

Look before You Kill

During a march three of us escaped, when the Khmer Rouge guards weren't paying attention, and hid in the woods. We traveled carefully for three days, and on May 30 we arrived at downtown Moung, where we were caught by six Khmer Rouge. They said we were traveling without permits, and threatened to kill us. I showed them my professional identity card, but at first they refused to look at it. "Before you kill people," I told them, "you had better find out who they are. If they are enemies, it is right to kill them. But what if they are not enemies? Shouldn't you save them to work for our country?" They tied my hands and walked me to Sorya Pagoda where I was kept in custody for two days under close watch.

On June 1, we were set to road-building under the supervision of three Khmer Rouge called Put, Heam, and Oun. There were ninety people in our work gang. Put was very savage. He killed an engineer and two women and threw their bodies into the river in front of us all. One of the women was the wife of Kong Neung, who had escaped to Thailand. Put also ordered Oun to kill two Khmer Rouge who had gone to visit their families without permission.

Our working day lasted from 6 A.M. to noon, from 1 P.M. to 5 P.M., and again from 7 P.M. to 11 P.M. We finished the nine miles of road in 45 days. We received only one can of rice each day.

During that time we saw two strange things. In Kuoy Chi village we saw eight men, replacing two bullocks, pulling plows. We also saw a special school where a thousand children were sent to study Communist doctrine. But because of insufficient food and careless organization, most of the children died.

From July 16 to August 31, we were sent to repair Highway 5 under the supervision of Ting and Hean. Our crew was now down to sixty, thirty having succumbed to hunger and disease. Ting and Hean were very cruel. They killed one woman. They also killed a former soldier, and ate his liver.

From September 1 to October 5, we were sent to break stone at Thipathei Mountain. Along Highway 64, we saw the bones of many dead people. The uniforms, shoes, and caps strewn about indicated that they had been soldiers.

A Khmer Rouge guard named Hun told us: "We killed these people because they were for [Prince Norodom] Sihanouk. We told them we were taking them to welcome Sihanouk in Phnom Penh. We killed ten truckloads of them here and another eight truckloads on Highway 34, and eight carfuls near Sam Pauv Mountain." In my opinion, one of the major reasons our people have suffered a worse fate than other peoples in Indochina is the rivalry between the Khmer Rouge and the Sihanoukists. The followers of Sihanouk were larger in number, but they didn't have the weapons, so they were killed. (Sihanouk himself has not been heard from since April of this year.)

Breaking stones is miserable work and the food ration was decreasing. Starvation was widespread. People who had lived around Phnom Penh were now being brought in. Every day, Chinese-built trucks brought their load of men, women, and children and left them along Highway 5. By September there were nearly half a million people camping out here, waiting to be resettled. The area was rife with malaria. People became thin, dark, and so weak that they could hardly talk. Many died. At mealtimes they were like ravenous dogs. They were cursed, beaten, kicked, and whipped by the Khmer Rouge and driven away from the food. On the evening of September 5, I saw a very thin woman kneel in front of the Khmer Rouge and beg for a bowl of rice. One of them beat her with a wooden stake. She fell to the ground, weeping. She asked other Khmer Rouge to have pity on her. A young guard, about twenty years old, kicked her in the face and told her to work harder. On September 13, three boys—the oldest wasn't ten—asked me for food. I started to give them some when a Khmer Rouge kicked them away, saying: "We have no beggars here."

These stories are true and they are typical of things that happened every day.

I saw my people become thin, their eyes yellow, their faces pale. They would eat anything they could find. They all believed they would die in a very little while.

While at Thipathei Mountain, I saw the Khmer Rouge take off about a thousand people to build a dam, a three days' walk away. Only half of them came back; the rest died of starvation and disease.

September 30 was set aside to celebrate the anniversary of the Khmer Communist movement. In Battambang the red flag with the hammer and sickle in a field of yellow was displayed. The banners proclaimed: "Anniversary of Khmer Communist Party," "Victory of the Communist Party," "Victory of the Khmer Revolutionary Force."

Escape

I saw one family bury a seven-year-old son who had died of starvation. His nine-year-old brother was skinny and pale. The father said: "The country is said to be at peace, but my son is dead. Not as many people died in the last five years of war as have died now."

I made the fateful decision: I must leave my country. And I mapped out yet another escape plan.

Every day two men were allowed out to fish. On October 4, I secretly joined the fishermen, but then continued on to Battambang city using a false permit. Two days later, six friends and I left Battambang and headed for Thailand.

We walked through many villages, and everywhere people were starving. The trip took about nine days. We were shot at by Khmer Rouge and got separated. All of us but one girl, who got lost, made it to Thailand. What happened to her we don't know.

Many questions remain about the fate of my people. Does the world know that nearly a million Cambodians have died since "peace" came to Indochina? Cannot the United Nations save my people from a terrible death?

I, Yin Savannary, give this article to the people of the world in the hope that they will rescue the Khmer people from their suffering. □

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THE BIG ETHNIC

Twilight of the WASP

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN AN EARLY issue of NATIONAL REVIEW (Feb. 1, 1958), Mr. Morrie Ryskind published a piece entitled "The Dirtiest Word in the Language": "If you happen to be a white, Protestant American of Scottish, British, Welsh, or even Dutch descent," said the editorial introduction, "well then, brother, you've had it." Several years ago, Mr. Peter Schrag wrote a book that he called *The Decline of the WASP*. Mr. Schrag's great idea is that the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant, formerly one of the principal wonders of the universe, has proceeded with astonishing celerity from being "history's pet" to becoming "history's fool." All the characteristics—sanity, a "passion against the unreasonable," devotion to the work ethic, coolness of demeanor—that won him a powerful place in the world and stamped that place as indubitably his, now cripple him, forcing him to default on his "birthright of cussedness and irreverence." The pioneering spirit of his heyday has metamorphosed into the conservative timorousness of a managerial class of bar-car drinkers: time has finally rescued H. L. Mencken's premature assertion of a half-century ago that "the normal American of the pure-blooded majority goes to bed every night with an uneasy feeling that there is a burglar under the bed, and he gets up every morning with a sickening fear that his underwear has been stolen." Like buzzards in a holding pattern over a moribund hyena, the ethnics are ready to drop upon him, and he has neither the energy to beat them off nor the nerve to defy them. If Schrag and a host of similarly convinced observers are to be believed, the WASP is no longer a god in a chariot on a Washington frieze—he is simply another ethnic, to be treated as such both by himself and by others.

II

Whether the concept of the "decline of the WASP" translates smoothly from theory into fact is perhaps subject to greater doubt than Mr. Schrag's immensely assured—and rather exultant—book suggests, but certainly it has a plausible ring to it. A WASP myself, born and bred in a city (New York, one of the comparatively few places in the United States where the twilight of the WASP is a topic debated with Wagnerian enthusiasm) that has been known since the seventeenth century as a Babel of races and cultures, I have been in a good position to remark the partial inversion of ethnic status by which WASPs have come gradually to be regarded, if perhaps not exactly with disrespect, then surely with the special condescension reserved for the has-beens of history. They are the men whose English-tailored suits disguise the fact that the rosy flesh within them has turned to celluloid, and whose cranial cavities are assumed to be unfogged by the fevers of Spontaneity and Creative Imagination. Things have changed at Columbia College, my alma mater, since Norman Podhoretz was an undergraduate there: the school is no longer eager to graduate blocks of young statuary garbed in the folds of Western Civilization as designed by Balliol dons, and there is a perceptible condescension, evinced by students and professors alike, toward the *goyische kopf*.

Certainly there are liberties taken with the WASP and his cultural equipage that he himself is not allowed, by the standards of polite ethnic discourse, to take with members of other groups. A few examples:

a) Suppose that a society of WASPs ran its ethnic version of a full-page ad that appeared recently in the *New York Times*: "IS YOUR JEWISH MIND SELF-DESTRUCTIVE? . . . The rates of conversion, assimilation, and intermarriage have reached frightening proportions."

b) Suppose that *New York* magazine published an article accompanied by sketches of the characteristic physical features, not of the WASP, as were the originals ("vestigial nose," "honest baldness," "low profile"), but of, say, the Italo-American: "oily complexion," "low forehead," "greasy hair."

c) Suppose that this same magazine published another article—similar to the piece that it ran on the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company: "There really *are* people in New York with names like F. Frith Pickslay Jr." who control a bank squatting elegantly in the middle of "a city of ethnicity"—that said: "There really *are* people in New York with names like Sidney Rubin Finkelblatt who are chief executives of [supply name of TV network or garment business]."

d) Suppose that at a much-celebrated "political" trial somebody with a Christian surname, a name as dissimilar as possible from "Hoffman," yelled at the Jewish judge, not "You schtunk. . . . *Shanda fur de goyim*," but, "You bastard. Front man for the Jews."

e) Suppose that at Barnard College a group of WASPish young ladies—taking a tip from the successful campaign of their Negro sisters—demanded a segregated sleeping floor.

f) Suppose that a WASP mother sighed in a matter-of-fact way at a New York literary soirée: "I just wish my daughter would get out and find herself a nice Gentile boy."

g) Suppose that the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution demanded the state of Virginia for a WASP homeland.

IT GOES without saying that any WASP who said or wrote any of these things would be a dead duck: he would provoke an outcry in the land of such proportions that Professor William Shockley of the racial-IQ brouhaha might enjoy a bit of a respite and even catch a good night's sleep. For it is simply a fact that every ethnic group in America today, save for the WASPs, is free—nay, encouraged—to ballyhoo its virtues at one moment, and at another to defend them in the face of any suggestion either that those virtues are illusory or that, in a pluralistic society, to whoop for them is divisive, exclusionary, and antisocial. The WASP—the while it is impressed upon him that he is merely another ethnic and that as such he owes it to members of other ethnic groups to treat with them from a basis of scrupulous equality—is yet under a tacit threat against indulging himself in his newly acquired

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ethnicity. He is, in short, expected to acquiesce in the loss of privilege dealt him by the devaluation of a time-honored caste, and at the same time to refuse the social perquisites attendant upon accredited ethnicity.

III

Certain observers, like Mr. Schrag, discern in the WASP's acquiescence in such a state of affairs yet another sign of his increasing insecurity. I suspect, however, that to do so is to be mistaken. For while it is surely true that "the minorities" in America are making inroads into what were formerly WASP strongholds in social, business, and academic institutions—they infiltrated American politics untold years ago—it is true also that both the WASP and his ethnic challengers have yet to undergo the psychological adjustments appropriate to their shifting relationships. And not until the ethnics can observe, without apoplexy, the WASP pluming himself publicly upon his ethnic virtues and admitting that his social and sexual preferences are for people of his own sort; not until the WASP of the old-stock caste is willing to do such things *en plein air*, can the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant be said to rest socially on a par with members of the minority groups.

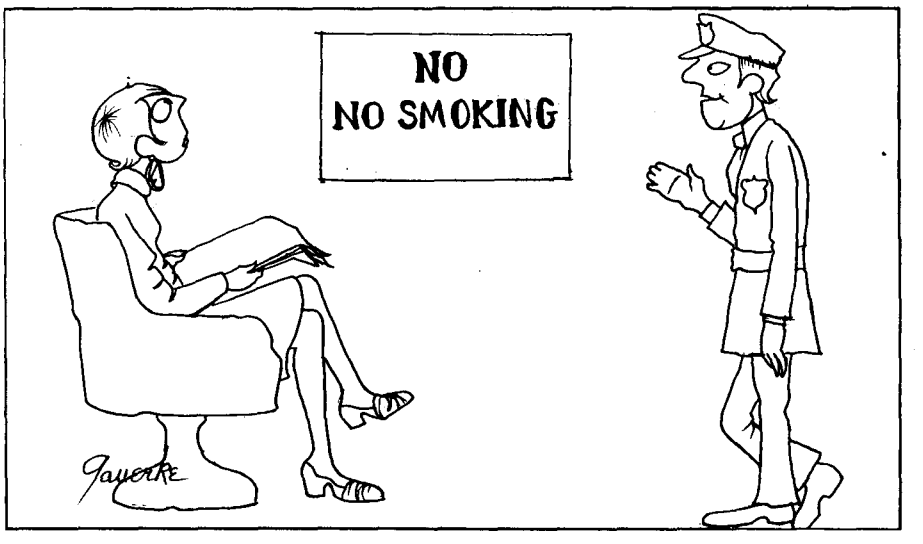
Those groups, sociologically speaking, are ranged hierarchically in this country. And one of the indices of the position enjoyed by any one of them is, on the one hand, the vigor of its self-assertion in the face of certain other ethnic groups and, on the other, the degree to which it condescends to the remaining ones. Every recognized ethnic tribe in America today makes its (often unconscious) obeisances—paradoxically, gestures of defiance and bravado—toward the group or groups on the rungs above it, the while condescending—mainly by gestures of excessive permissiveness—to those below.

Thus the WASP prostrates himself before the decayed nobility, effeminate fashion designers, and flatulent restaurateurs of Europe, the while looking with lordly forgiveness upon the frequently arrogant behavior of the American Chosen (thus causing one to wonder whether, if, as a patrician student of the Protestant Establishment has claimed, there is "an element of self-hate in antisemitism," there is as well an element of self-congratulation in philosemitism). Thus too the cultivated Jew is often easily fetched by the thought of membership in the Brook or the Links, even as he proudly proclaims the glories of his religious and cultural heritage, from which heights he stoops to bare his breast to the Negro: "It will not hurt us Jews," wrote I. F. Stone (admittedly, himself not a likely yearner after membership in the Union League) "to swallow a few insults from overwrought blacks." As for those blacks, American history has provided them with not a single ethnic group—save perhaps for the Vietnamese refugees—to whom they may plausibly condescend in social ritual, although the liberties that they frequently take in their social transactions with the rest of us suggest certain deferential inclinations. Recently, a black secretary with the publishing firm I used to infest—she is by no means a militant—told me quite matter-of-factly that while other black women might choose to sleep with white men, she could never bring herself to do so. I was not expected to take offense, nor did I: but I should never venture a converse statement in her presence regarding my own romantic preferences.

Here, of course, I am not suggesting that French noblemen are a breed superior to WASPs who are superior to Jews who are superior to Greek-Americans who are superior to Negroes. My point is merely that, despite the economic and professional liberation of the American ethnic, both he and his one-time overlord the WASP continue to perpetuate class divisions based upon ethnic differences by maintaining rules of ethnic discourse in accordance with which to refrain from both ethnic chauvinism and ethnic defensiveness is tacitly to admit one's sense of ethnic superiority, while to indulge in such attitudes is tacitly to admit the opposite.

THE RIGHT to such chauvinism and such touchiness is not a right that the Establishment WASP demands to exercise, because he sees it as a privilege that he can afford to eschew and would in fact find it demeaning not to waive. The WASP, even today, considers himself not a WASP but simply an American: he doesn't want to join anyone else's country club—everyone else wants to join his. When he refrains from making a cry in the newspapers for Anglo-Saxon racial purity; when he refrains from publicly protesting a journalistic denunciation of the Racquet Club's special relationship to Morgan Guaranty (of which relationship he is in any case proud); when he declines to get into a pother over such trifles as the registration cards printed some years ago at Teacher's College, Columbia University, which—after listing every marginal race and improbable creed—invited a friend of mine, as a WASP, to check by default the box marked "Other," he is simply indulging himself in the beatitudes of reverse snobbery. His acquiescence in these minor slights is no more a sign of his loss of nerve than the liberties taken with him by his ethnic compatriots are purely signs of disrespect.

Even in a pluralistic democracy, deference dies hard. If Tocqueville didn't say that, I shall. □



"You'll have to move on, miss. This is the smoking lounge."

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The Evil Society

Days and Works

GERHART NIEMEYER

My ruminations on the waning awareness of evil have led me to a momentous question, which I should like to treat in the manner of Doctor Thomas:

WHETHER THE SOVIET UNION IS EVIL

We proceed to the only article:

Objection 1. It would seem that the Soviet Union is not evil. For William Fulbright, Cyrus Eaton, and Gus Hall say: The Soviet Union is a peace-loving country; it is interested in international trade, justice, and freedom, and in the liberation of all oppressed peoples.

2. Further, as the *New York Times* never tires of repeating, evil, in the case of a whole society, means the cruel oppression of the Left by the Right. Therefore it is not the Soviet Union that is evil, but Chile, South Africa, South Korea, Indonesia, Taiwan, and Thailand.

3. Social evil proceeds not so much from the malicious will of men as from "sinful structures," as the Jesuits are wont to say. Therefore the worst evil prevails in a society that is based on exploitation and oppression but maintains an appearance of legality, individualism, and prosperity. It follows that our American society is evil beyond all others.

On the other hand, Solzhenitsyn says that the Gulag Archipelago with its humiliations and cruelties, its deliberate destruction of human dignity and its murderous practices, is an epitome of Soviet society as a whole. Furthermore, he says that that evil stems from the Communist ideology, which "bears the entire responsibility for all the blood that has been shed. . . . The most agonizing aspect of [Russian] existence . . . is the universal, obligatory force-feeding with lies, . . . a kind of tax [levied] for the benefit of Ideology."

I answer that Evil may be predicated in two ways; first, as proceeding from the human heart and will; second, as inherent in generally deficient social conditions. Evil of the human heart and will can be predicated of a whole society if ill-will and wrong-doing have become a common pattern, as the prophet Amos said of the people of Israel: "They sold the righteous for silver and the poor for a pair of shoes; that pant after the dust of the earth on the head of the poor, and turn aside the way of the meek; and a man and his father will go in unto the same maid, to profane [God's] holy name." In another way, a society may be evil when its people do not have what they need to live, as when taxes are exorbitant so that most people are impoverished, or when regulations are so onerous and comprehensive that no room is left for personal choice, or when worship of the true God is forbidden and people are officially barred from truth and goodness. One can then speak of the evil of a whole society as one speaks of the blindness of an individual, for blindness is an evil, but one which does not proceed from the human will.

The Third Evil

In yet another way, which partakes of both of these two, an evil society results when a principle of falsehood gains acceptance by a group that then obtains control of the means of public power and uses them to impose its ideology on all aspects of life, personal as well as social. As the ideology permeates education, it will corrupt even otherwise excellent natures. As Plato said, "Evil is a worse enemy to the good than to the indifferent . . . If their early training is bad, the most gifted natures turn out the worst. Great crime and unalloyed wickedness are the outcome of a nature full of generous promises, ruined by bad upbringing." Thus it is that capable and even outstanding men can order false trials, tortures, unspeakable atrocities, and mass murder, not from personal wickedness, but because wickedness is encouraged by an ideology that splits mankind into true believers and subhuman beings and puts the latter beyond the pale of social protection. A public reign of falsehood thus instituted distorts not only men's wills but also their minds.

Reply Objection 1. Social structures as such are not capable of sin, nor are they capable of engendering automatic sin in human beings. Laws and institutions designed for beneficial effects often produce the opposite results. Human institutions cannot claim perfection, but human beings always have the choice of using them in a self-serving or in a God-serving way. Therefore America cannot be deemed sinful merely because one disapproves of its structures.

Aggression and Reaction

2. Any deliberate cruelty and repression practiced by a government must be deplored as an evil. In the case of anti-Communist regimes, however, such practices stem not from ideological design, but from a reaction to Communist aggression, which came first. Communists and socialists everywhere have constituted themselves into parties which formed a world apart, with an animus against the order of their own country. They themselves created the impression that their country had everything to fear and nothing to hope if they triumphed. The bitterness this has engendered in their opponents is much to be regretted and may lead to excesses, but it is not an attribute of a society as a whole; rather it is a matter of self-defense.

3. Terror is an integral aspect of a Communist regime because the Communists have nothing to offer man regarding the spiritual and moral order of his life. Instead, they insist that people support the Party so that at some time in the distant future a Communist society may exist. The Communist Party enjoys neither the confidence nor the affection of its subjects, whom it must control by systematic and continual intimidation. Since this is so in the Soviet Union after more than half a century of Communist rule, it must be much more so in countries that fall under Communist domination. The Soviet society is evil not merely because it is evil itself, but also because of the potential moral, cultural, and human disaster which the expansion of its rule would inflict on other peoples. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Making Soaps

I stand in-between. It's a particular, locatable place: a here. Four discrete stage sets confront each other. I am as much in Aunt Mavis' middle-class parlor as in the cellblock, as in an emergency room. Sense of place segues, now there, now there, with that irresolute flux peculiar to dreams. I have no volition. It depends on the director: how camera one or two or three will project me, stick me into context. This CBS soundstage is a simile for all soap operas, which are, don't laugh, a pretty fair simile for human time remembered. If it's true that life plays back before the inner eye at death, then most of us will come up with test pattern and not much else.

I keep a diary. But for those blunt notes, I could at best recall a hundredth of my more than 12,000 days: marriage, two births, a funeral, an operation and an accident, a betrayal and the football game where I made 11 unassisted tackles. Soap-opera things. Surely not bills paid, another page written, mufflers under repair: the housekeeping–bookkeeping events that any soap opera must let slip. This afternoon *Love of Life* will chronicle 1) a cerebral hematoma, 2) half a seduction, 3) a homosexual rape plot. All happen, as our strong memories rehappen, in one klieg-lit, unpartitioned, over-lurid time/space.

At least two actors here have been loving life gainfully in that special time/space for more than 17 years. Just think: since the Eisenhower Administration. That's longer than a lot of people have been themselves, let alone someone else. It's rigorous, exact tedium, the work. Up at seven. Blocking rehearsal will run from nine to

about eleven. Notes and break. Dress rehearsal on camera. Final videotaped performance ends well after two o'clock. Then they can start conning the script for tomorrow. Some actors last one year, one month: or less than that. Some commit a vicarious suicide. "We had this one guy, he was on another soap. Well, he wanted top billing. Wouldn't let it alone. Finally the director said, 'Shut up or I'll have you killed.' He didn't believe it. But next week, sure enough, they gave him a massive coronary. Kept him alive in intensive care for five, six days: you know, they figured he'd catch on and shape up. But he still thought it was a bluff. So, zap, they pulled the plug on him."

It's a world of doorbells and of phones rung. As though human existence were just some fragile and queer lapse between distasteful interruptions. Soap-opera people take off more coats than a hat-check girl: they're always dropping by. Once there, however, they speak with idiomatic rhythm—phrase, pause, half-word, breath, other half—the way you'd read a UPI ticker aloud. "Well," said one young actress, "sometimes it's because we're remembering lines. Mainly, though, it's because the camera acts for us." There is visual punctuation: tight close-up stands for semi-colon, hard stress; long shot for commas, inconsequential business; intercut for quotation marks, he said, she said. Acting has to be curbed and small. In no other medium is the human face given such uncivil scrutiny. Scream and you show tonsil, not emotion.

Talent has been tied off above the elbow, at a major artery: pins-and-needles, then gangrene will set in. Important disciplines are forfeit. Comedy, to name one, is an antagonistic subgenre in that over-lucid space. There can be no holding pattern between *Mary Hartman* and *Love of Life*. The soap opera functions on a heightened plane. Bomb-squad men and coroners don't live much more powerfully. Laughter, a kind of artistic nervous breakdown, is seductive, ready to affirm the mind's health. One assistant producer told me: "Comedy is almost impossible. It can become destructive to the very fabric of the serial." A soap actor, furthermore, has monotonous classroom responsibilities. Each name must be imprinted. A *Love of Life* character could hang around for ten years: actors are changed about as often as your oil filter is. The script, of necessity, sounds like an ITA primer. "Besides, there's nothing to be alarmed about, Felicia. You're perfectly safe with me. You'll always be safe with me. I never want you to be afraid, Felicia." Get the drift by now? At one point Felicia will note that, "We seem to be saying 'good' a lot." That isn't Felicia, that's the writer, held in custody by his lucrative profession, saying, "I know perfectly well how moronic this dialogue must seem."

I LOVE PROFESSIONALISM, it reassures me. On network TV, though, professionalism can be just a touch obsessed. My tape recorder is going. An actress looks afraid: "You shouldn't do that, they'll go on strike." Machines, even my Hitachi, are handled by union technicians and nobody else. I figure if you wore a hearing aid on stage you'd need two full-time audio men, one for each ear. But there is sorcery in the control room. These people are as deft, as well-teamed, as the Lombardi Packers running a 65-give on third down. Cameras one-two-three play errorless pep-

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per; sound and light up/down on instant cue. A 25-minute show has been done in 28; one trivial retake. I wish my life, its close-ups and fades, were supervised that well.

Soaps are as popular and ancient as rumor is: think of Odysseus' *Search for Penelope*. Popular, not because they're morbid or exaggerative, but because, in a methodical way, they correspond. Reckon that 30 per cent of Americans have been divorced; 20 per cent have had an accident or an operation; 25 per cent an affair. Say another 25 per cent are addicted or alcoholic and 63 per cent loathe their mothers-in-law. You get 163 per cent right there. By taking scrupulous inventory of our grief, the soap opera will connect with particular human lives once in every ten. About what your newspaper astrology column bats. In either case the correspondence is inaccurate and footless, but an empathy has been established. We are somewhat known. Apparently that's enough. □

FILM

LINDA BRIDGES

Bloody Politics

Round-up articles on the new movies tend to divide them into two categories: the political (specifically, McCarthy-era revisionist) and the violent. *Marathon Man*, subtitled "A Thriller," is always put in the second category. Apart from the villain's being a Nazi —which doesn't, after all, distinguish it from a Helen MacInnes novel—I was not aware when I walked into the theater that the movie had any politics. In fact, what distinguishes it from its fellows is no doubt what has also kept it from being discussed in political terms: the exquisite subtlety of its political orchestration. Unlike *The Front*, *The Way We Were*, television's *Fear on Trial*—with them you can argue—the politics in *Marathon Man* are not offered as ideas; they are merely juxtapositions. When the reviewers notice them at all, it is as a theme that is not "developed." In fact, it is developed precisely as well as it needs to be. Consider.

The hero, named—are you ready for this?—Thomas Babington Levy (Dustin Hoffman), is a clever, endearing, but nose-thumbingly scruffy little schlemiel of a graduate student and would-be marathon runner, whose father, as it just happens *(flashback to c. 1953, with sepia film of cute little boy playing on a swing)*, was accused by Joe McCarthy of something, we are never told quite what *(sound of gunshot)*, the shame of which pushed him to drink and eventually suicide *(father lies bleeding on living-room floor, gun in hand)*. Thomas Babington (Babe) is writing his dissertation, "The Use of Tyranny in American Political Life," to prove his father's innocence. Babe's rich older brother, Doc, is thought to be an Establishment oil executive. "I think my father would have disowned him," Babe tells his professor; but little does he know with how much reason. For Doc is not an executive at all. He is both a member of "The Division"—"When the gap gets too large between what the FBI can handle effectively and what the CIA will deal with, that's when we come in"—and, under orders from The Division, a courier for a Nazi death-camp torturer named Christian Szell (Laurence Olivier), now living in Uruguay. Szell comes to New York, and Babe gets caught between him and the couriers whom he has ceased to trust. Szell kills Doc and, with the help of a member of The Division, tortures Babe to find out what he knows.

Neat, no? Without a libelous word having been spoken, Joseph McCarthy, the U.S. Government's present-day security establishment, and the Nazis have been fused imagistically: and much more indelibly than overt propaganda could have done.

The violence, on the other hand, does not deserve the disapproving copy it has provoked. With the striking exception of the opening scene, it is neither glorified nor gratuitous, and it is in the same aesthetic mode as the rest of the film. *Marathon Man* differs from the old-fashioned spy movie not in the number of violent deaths but simply in the amount of blood shed on screen. For that matter, the already famous "dental torture" scene does not even come under the heading of explicit violence: as Szell revs up his drill, the camera very quickly cuts from Babe's mouth to the overhead lamp, leaving everything except the scream to the audience's imagination.

If one accepts, as a legitimate form of art/entertainment, a genre in which people are shot, stabbed, and tortured, then whether the shootings, stabbings, and torture may be shown depends solely on the style of the rest of the work. Violence in Laurel and Hardy slapstick can be wonderfully exaggerated and totally non-serious; in a romance it can be handsomely choreographed, like the up-and-down-stairs swordfights in the old Errol Flynn movies; in a naturalistic film it should be treated naturalistically. *Marathon Man* is naturalism, tough-guy division. The streets are real New York and Paris streets (one can deduce, from topographical data, which of the great Paris hotels Doc Levy is staying in); all the Americans except for the carved-on-Mount-Rushmore liberal professor cement their sentences together with those Anglo-Saxon and Yiddish words which, as Leo Rosten puts it, one does not use in front of women and children. In this context, when people are killed it would be, simply, aesthetically inappropriate for them to die quietly, demurely, unbloodily: as inappropriate as a stabbing would be in *Pride and Prejudice*.

THIS IS not to say that *Marathon Man* sticks to its own principles. Most of the characters' motivations are not only unexplained but inexplicable. The naturalistic style settles in only after a slapstick chase that ends with two cars, driven by Szell's brother and an unnamed Jew, plowing into an oil truck, which duly explodes. (So improbable is this scene, physically and psychologically, that one starts asking wildly whether it's meant to be symbolic—a *holocaust*; similarly when a runner on the jogging track is attacked by a *German* Shepherd.)

With all these faults upon its head, what *Marathon Man* does have is two characters, at least, about whom one cares whether they live or die: Babe and Szell. When the pressure's on, Babe develops a sort of real bravery. In the dental-torture scene, as Szell washes his hands and prepares his tools, he reiterates the question, "Is it safe?" Babe tries honesty, evasion, and sarcasm, only to be met each time with "Is it safe?" Finally he draws himself up and says quietly, "Tell me what the

Linda Bridges, NR's Assistant Managing Editor, has for many years carried a torch for Laurence Olivier.

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it refers to." I was proud of him and his academic tradition just there; proud, too, of how he reacts to his enemies' violence. He is finally able to pull the trigger (of, naturally, his father's gun), but he won't shoot in cold blood. "Are you going to kill me?" asks Szell, semi-mockingly. "No, I don't think so," says Babe with perfect, and quite original, honesty (although what he chooses to do instead is in its own way as cruel as it is just).

Szell is basically your stock cinema Nazi—the brutal murderer who spends his time listening to German *Lieder*—but Olivier makes it work. He's done this combination of vulnerability and brutality before, of course, and it is one of his enduring triumphs as an actor that he can keep the two elements co-present, humanizing the character without sentimentalizing him. He makes visible the genuine insight of which "There's some good in everyone" is the debased version. Here, we know of Szell's past; we have seen him knife one man and, with the rapt attention a craftsman brings to his work, torture another. But there's still a *frisson* of pity when, as he walks through New York's diamond center—not the ideal place for a Nazi who wishes to remain incognito—two Auschwitz survivors recognize him, and he begins visibly to realize that his own paranoia will be his downfall. That ever-so-slight hunching of the shoulders, the quickening of the stride, the trembling of the lips, are almost enough to make this an honest film. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Inside Sicily

Every new country one sees produces unexpected impressions. What struck me most about Sicily—apart from the incredible beauty of the island and the kindness of the people—was the food (about which I wrote last time), the dress of the ladies of the interior mountain towns, and the splendor of the baroque buildings.

From movies I had gathered that the whole female population of Sicily was, so to speak, black widows—women of all ages dressed in black, whether out of custom or perennial mourning. But when I drove through towns like Prizzi and Mussumeli, not only were many of the matrons wearing ordinary (albeit dark) dresses, but the girls were in pants! And what black widows there were did not seem to mind this modernity. All of which is due, I was told, to the influence of television, which in ten years has changed Sicilian habits as fifty or even a hundred years of ordinary development could not have done.

The Sicilian countryside has great variety: forests, high rocky mountains, vast wheat fields, and citrus groves. Sheep abound, the shepherds leaning on their staffs in the traditional way, and travel by mule is common. However, you never see women on the road. Absent is the *motorino*—the motorized bicycle, cheap and easy to operate because it is so light—which has revolutionized much of the Italian countryside by making it feasible for women and young people to circulate. In our part of Tuscany almost every 14-year-old has one; for that matter, so do their mothers and even grandmothers. Not so in Sicily. "*Non si usa*," a Sicilian friend told me ("It isn't customary").

The interior towns are extraordinary. Contrary to what one has been led to expect, they are very clean, unlike some parts of Palermo. Many of these towns are perched high on the mountainsides, white and clustered together like Arab cities; and no wonder, since many Sicilians are descended from Arabs. What's new are the high-rises that the cement industry and the speculative builders have put around and even within the towns—providing much-needed housing, no doubt, but spoiling the beauty with total lack of planning. Agrigento is one such town, Enna another. Many of the buildings are half-finished skeletons, the money having run out.

On the other hand, Sicilian baroque, indoors and out, is extremely rewarding. Palermo's most ravishing sights are the Oratori, chapels decorated by Giacomo Serpotta (1656-1732) with a riot of stuccos in the shapes of women, children, animals, clouds, birds, and flowers, all looking like whipped cream frozen into marble. They are wonderfully sophisticated and frivolous, full of wit and joy of life, all the more surprising because their creator was an obscure artist about whom little is known, and who has no great reputation outside Sicily. No visitor should miss the Oratori of Santa Zita, San Lorenzo, and San Domenico, or the incredible Jesuit church of La Professa. Jesuit baroque is usually cold and somber; but here, every inch of the church's interior is covered with a profusion of many-colored *hauts-reliefs* in marble and stucco, in realistic or abstract designs of scrolls, flowers, and beasts, interspersed with pictures and sculptures. It is unbelievably rich and gorgeous.

THE LOVELIEST of the baroque towns I saw were Palazzolo Acreide, Noto, and the old part of Syracuse, the island of Ortygia. Syracuse is the most touching of cities; all the historical layers are even more open to view than in other parts of Sicily (and one of Sicily's great charms is that its history, from the pre-Greek era to the Bourbons, is so visible). In most Sicilian towns you find the baroque churches, big, splendid, frequently with imposing flights of stairs leading up to them. But *all* of Palazzolo Acreide and of Noto is baroque: besides the churches, there are ochre-colored two- and three-story palaces, with the balconies bulging at the bottom to let ladies in crinolines stand on them and look down. The ironwork is beautiful, and even more beautiful are the carved details on the supports of the balconies, the pillars, the drain pipes. All these palaces and houses are lived in—in contrast to Palermo, whose magnificent baroque edifices decay in the city's old section. And the churches, especially those of Noto, are grand and sure of themselves. In this southeastern part of the island dwelt the great baronial families who built their elegant towns, living in formal splendor, fed by their "*monzus*" (as the French chefs were called: a local pronunciation of "*monsieur*").

In Syracuse, the cathedral made from the temple of Athena is flanked by baroque palaces; the Fountain of Arethusa, where Hannibal watered his troops, is not far from a Norman castle; Greek and Roman buildings and artefacts turn up wherever the archaeologists dig; the food is marvelous; and in February the almonds blossom for miles around. That was another unexpected Sicilian impression: the afterglow of the glory that was Greece—in Agrigento, in Selinunte, and among the Doric columns of the cathedral, *née* temple of Athena, praised by Cicero for its golden and ivory portals. □

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BOOKS

Taking Ourselves Along

Airborne: A Sentimental Journey
William F. Buckley Jr.
Macmillan, 252 pp., $12.95

MITCHELL S. ROSS

When last sighted between the pages of his personal chronicle, this noted American adventurer stood in the well of the United Nations General Assembly Hall. He had come to advocate human freedom in its presumed sanctuary, and found even his own government reluctant to permit him to lift his voice and hymn the glory of free men cast everywhere in chains. His cheerful disposition was sorely tried. Friends worried for his health. Adversaries feared his wrath. Journalists speculated whether this proud and ingenious explorer might not have been set back beyond repair.

Now, after two years' indulgence in politics and belletrism, he has returned. *Airborne* marks the rebirth of the spirit which danced on the sidewalks of New York in *The Unmaking of a Mayor*, stopped the world in *Cruising Speed*, bent the knee to the memory of Nicholas and Alexandra in "A Million and One Nights in Soviet Russia," and sought to dazzle humanity with eloquence in the aforementioned *United Nations Journal*.

He appears little changed, as addicted to peril as before. Fifteen years ago, he reveals, he committed himself to sailing the Atlantic. Now, nearing fifty, he felt the moment had arrived. Preparations began more than a year in advance. His wife needed to be told. "I whispered to her, 'Darling, you know something? I'm going to take Cyrano across the Atlantic a year from June.' Her answer was reassuringly conventional. 'If you do I'll leave you.'" He then compounded this poor woman's misery by taking along their only son, Christopher, and her only sister, known as Bill. Also aboard were five friends of the skipper and his son. The trip began in Miami, stopped in Bermuda and the Azores, and ended in Marbella, Spain. James Reston of the *New York Times* passed through the Azores shortly after Cyrano, and discovered that a "foreign vessel" had docked there. He reported, "The 'foreign vessel' was a yacht skippered by Bill

Buckley, en route from Long Island Sound to the Mediterranean, with John Kenneth Galbraith, celebrating his retirement from the Harvard faculty, as part of the crew." The skipper responded that "the Galbraith on board was not my friend, the six-foot 11-inch emaciated Menshevik, John Kenneth, but my friend, the chunky, five-foot 11-inch Manchesterist, Evan; and anyway, surely it was Harvard, not Professor Galbraith, that had reason to celebrate?"

Everyone was asked to keep a journal. Most wrote enough to fulfill the requirements of courtesy; Christopher and his friend Danny "performed dutifully, magnificently." The skipper rewards them by reprinting several of their entries in *Airborne*. Here he makes a serious diplomatic error—not from the boys' standpoint, as they come through with ingenuous charm, even in those moments when they are swept away by the exaltation of life at sea—but from his own. One can only tremble at the thought of the hero's enemies reading such lines as these, from the pen of his own son: "There are times when I'm right and times when I'm wrong. Usually, I admit when I'm wrong. WFB, it seems, does not subscribe to this." And what can one do with this stark confession of the virtues of the apolitical life, after father has found son reading the Kalb brothers' biography of Henry Kissinger? "I cannot *understand* why Christopher is not taking a more active interest in learning navigation with the opportunity at hand. Of all times to read a biography of an incumbent Secretary of State! It isn't even escapist literature."

THIS MOMENT of pique reflects the mood of the chronicle, which stands as its author's principal contribution to apolitical literature. The salt spray has washed away all partisan polemics, leaving yarns and elegies in their wake. "Let Americans live and love, work and play, screw and get screwed without us," writes Christopher as the captain and his crew set sail. Through calm and storm, they are without the world, and without regret. "We have experienced a lesion of interest in world affairs, and no one bothers to turn on the news broadcasts," writes the skipper.

However, as Socrates was fond of

Patricia S. Coyne *is a literary critic and an editor of* Private Practice. . . . **Norman B. Hannah** *was formerly United States Consul General in Sydney, Australia. . . .* **Noel Perrin** *is a professor of English at Dartmouth College. . . .* **Mitchell S. Ross** *is finishing a book about literary politicians.*

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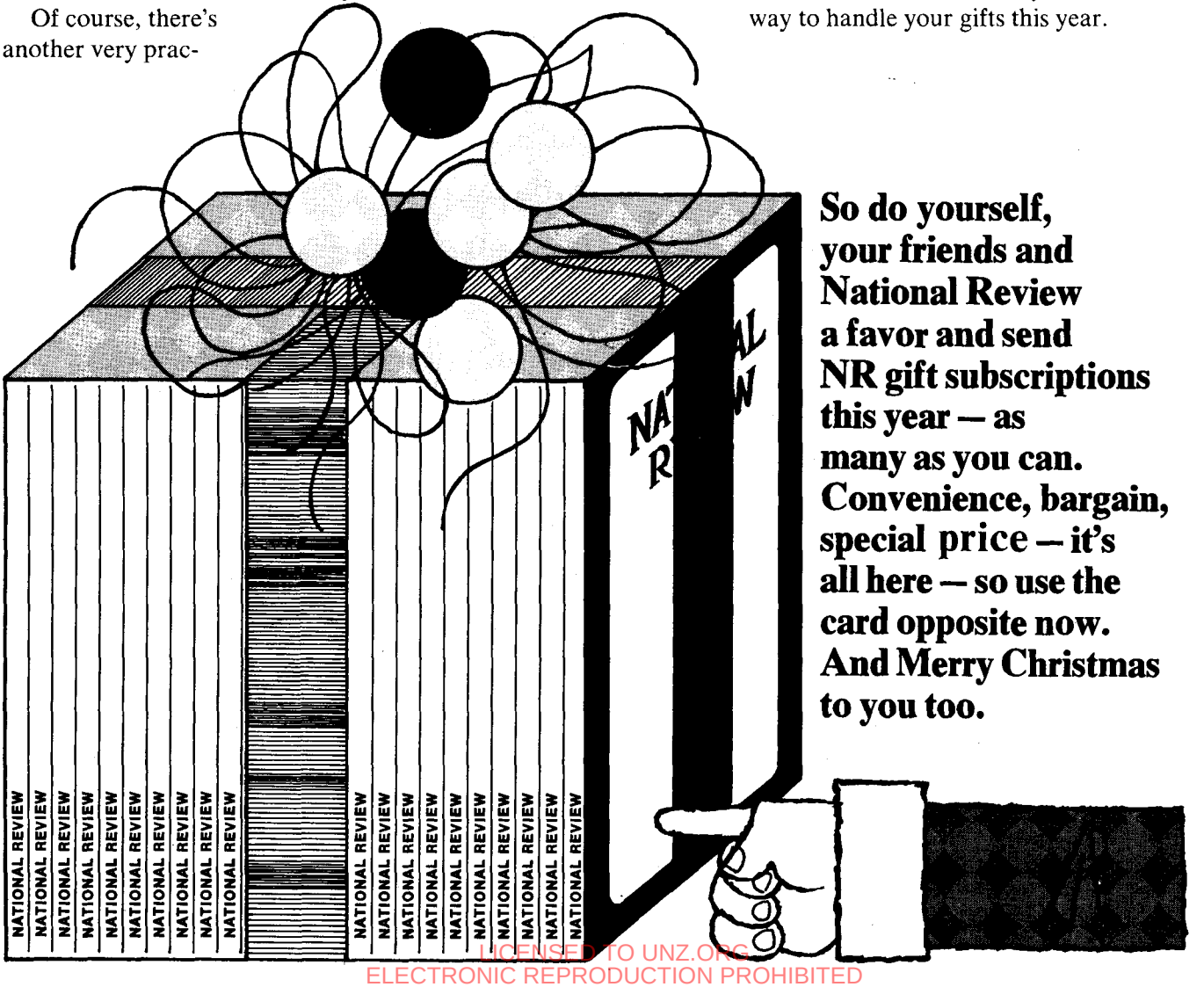

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pointing out, when we travel, we take ourselves along. An opinionated man does not leave his opinions home. "I don't like beards by and large—I tend to think they are for people with uninteresting faces. Men tend to look the same. I have always shuddered at the possibility that, by mistake, St. Peter admitted Karl Marx and barred Johannes Brahms." A controversy labeled "*Danny et absolutely al.* vs. *WFB*," over the question of who had won a bet, was resolved in Danny's favor. "I reluctantly gave my dollar to Danny, sniffing something about the dangers of ochlocracy. 'What's that?' he asked. I told him it was the only kind of government that would find for *him* in a dispute with *me*."

The hero-author is unfailingly polite to his landlubbing readers; when he absorbs himself in a discourse on technical aspects of navigation, he excuses us and invites us back for cakes and ale a few pages later. His mood is exceedingly mellow; he meditates on the forces which have driven him to the sailor's art, and have caused an opposite reaction in others. "How did it come to be, for that matter, that we all love the sensation of sailing through the water? I have taken hundreds of people sailing for their first and—it proved—last time: they were bored. John Kenneth Galbraith thinks me quite mad, not only for the usual reasons, but because I will submit to day after day on a *sailboat*. He literally cannot understand anybody's doing such a thing voluntarily; which, come to think of it, makes it odd that he hasn't proposed a law making it compulsory." He thinks of his tormented wife and writes, with affecting simplicity, "I *miss* her."

They are reunited in Marbella, the schooner Cyrano having survived the inevitable malfunctions to conclude its journey in the prescribed thirty days and thirty nights. But Mrs. Buckley could take only momentary comfort. Christopher, although confessing the traditional urge for dry land, writes to his father, "if you were to set sail tomorrow to cross another ocean, I'd sell my soul to ship out with you. Any day."

The chronicle is copiously illustrated by photographs of varying quality, both black-and-white and color. Most of them were taken by Christopher. There is one excellent color photo of Cyrano arriving in Gibraltar, in which the author is profiled in silhouette and bears a striking resemblance to Richard Wagner.

All of which leaves us with the final question of where the Flying Provocateur is most likely to turn up next. Rumor alternately has him scheduled for a combined lecture tour and skating exhibition in Siberian prison camps this coming February, and for three months' secluded study of the literature for Chinese harpsichord in the spring. The latter is supposed to take place in a set of specially designed caves four hundred miles west of the Great Wall. In both cases the reading public can expect further enhancement of this unique personal chronicle, and Mrs. Buckley can count on worrying about her husband. He will no doubt make it home some day. □

On Watch
By Elmo Zumwalt
Quadrangle, 568 pp., $12.50

ADMIRAL WOODSTEIN REPORTS

NORMAN B. HANNAH

Elmo Zumwalt's *On Watch* is an exposé of an unusual order. It is an exposé of a man—Elmo Zumwalt; of a system—high-level intramural military politics in Washington; and of a crisis—the crisis Zumwalt believes the United States faces as it slips into second place as a world military power.

All three elements are epitomized in the last few pages of the book, where Zumwalt quotes in its entirety a letter he wrote to President Nixon in June 1974, just a few days before retiring as Chief of Naval Operations. The letter sets forth the author's deep conviction that within the asymmetrical framework of the SALT I agreements and the SALT II negotiations, the balance of power is shifting toward the USSR and will continue to do so unless either 1) the USSR genuinely accepts the original premise of "no unilateral advantage," or 2) the U.S. strikes out for strategic equivalence without extending the SALT Interim Agreement. The rise of Soviet power, as Zumwalt documents it, is startling; the constriction of American power is alarming.

Zumwalt's handling of this June 1974 letter to the President also epitomizes the Byzantine maze of high-level military politics. Deeply disturbed that a new U.S. plan for a "Threshold Test Ban" had been floated in Moscow without having been discussed with the Joint Chiefs, Zumwalt, as Acting Chairman, privately sent a copy of his letter to the White House before the original had been cleared through the Secretary of Defense. His purpose was plain—to bypass any possible obstacle, especially from his *bêtes noires*, Secretary Kissinger and Presidential Assistant (General) Alexander Haig. His justification for this act is to be found in the extraordinary atmosphere of the summer of '74 as the Nixon Presidency spiraled downward toward its end. He associates himself with Paul Nitze, from whom he had "earned a PhD in political-military affairs" and who in the same period resigned from the SALT talks in desperation, and with Senator Henry Jackson, who simultaneously called an extraordinary hearing to expose the bypassing of the military in the SALT negotiations.

Zumwalt, of course, was plunged into despair by the spreading decay in the Watergate-infected Administration. Those who relish invidious inside revelations of countless jealousies, rivalries, and vendettas will have their fill. Yet, even while describing his revulsion, Zumwalt on several occasions gives credit where it is due—to Nixon for not signing a damaging interim SALT extension in Moscow in June 1974 despite obvious domestic political temptation; and to Kissinger and Haig for their handling of the defense alert of October 1973 in response to a bald threat by Brezhnev to intervene militarily in the Middle East.

He decries the notions that the U.S., like many earlier civilizations, has passed its historic high point, and that the American people lack stamina and cannot be roused by the challenge of the truth. Thank God! He might have gone on to point out that lack of confidence in the American people is not a new syndrome. In both the Korean War and the Vietnam War (prior to the Tet Offensive) the American people

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RANDOM NOTES

■ Nika Hazelton has written *The Unabridged Vegetable Cookbook* (Evans, $14.95). All the four-letter vegetables are included. Available now at your neighborhood bookstore.

■ DECEMBER TITLES: Peter Townshend's *The Last Emperor: An Intimate Account of George VI and the Fall of His Empire* (Simon & Schuster, $9.95) traces the decline of the most potent force for the spread of civilization ever seen in the modern world. . . . Upton Sinclair, Ralph Bunche, Aldous Huxley, Richard Henry Dana, and Edmund Brown are among the contributors to an anthology called *Los Angeles: Biography of a City* (University of California, $14.95) by John and LaRee Caughey. . . . According to Michael Perkins' *The Secret Record: A Critical History of Modern Erotic Literature* (Morrow, $7.95), the theme of erotic writing is ego transcendence. . . . We had forgotten, until we read *Geronimo: The Man, His Place, His Time* (University of Oklahoma, $14.95) by Angie Debo, that the old Indian served for a time as a tourist attraction in Florida. . . . Anna Mahler, a sculptress and the daughter of the composer Gustav Mahler, has written an essay on her art to accompany *Anna Mahler —Her Work* (Abner Schram, $30). There is an introduction by Ernst H. Gombrich. . . . Catherine L. Albanese, in her book *Sons of the Fathers: The Civil Religion of the American Revolution* (Temple University, $12.50), writes that the American Revolution was a religious experience. Which makes sense, because Miss Albanese also believes that secularism is the national religion of the United States.

■ CULTURAL ODDITIES DEPARTMENT: Barbara and Dan Lewis' biography, *Barbara Walters: TV's Super Lady* (Pinnacle, $1.50) is unauthorized. . . . In *Living Together, Married or Single: Your Legal Rights* (Harper/Perennial, $2.45), Nora Lavori tells you how to be certain that, under the circumstances, you get yours. Presumably she also instructs you in how to clear yourself of rape charges. . . . George Bernard, an *Enquirer* reporter of five years' standing, has written *Inside the National Enquirer: Confessions of an Underground Reporter* (Ashley, $7.95). "One of the perennial human problems is to maintain an inspirational attitude over the dark pull, in dark days as well as in sunny and fortuitous times. And this is one reason I always read the *National Enquirer*"—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale.

would have borne greater sacrifices and risks than they were asked to, had they only been given confidence in a strategy that promised some definitive conclusion. Nothing erodes a people's stamina and moral constancy so much as long-drawn-out inconclusive engagements where the objectives are hazy and the chosen means ineffective.

Zumwalt must be one of the most assiduous note-takers since Boswell, and it is through his liberally quoted notes that we see the man himself. He records not only substantive positions, comments, and events but private personal conversations, in which some of the parties did not expect to be quoted in print. Sometimes this affords useful insights and sometimes not. He was obviously stung by reports that Kissinger had sarcastically remarked that he could not "stomach intellectual admirals." But is it important to mention this? Zumwalt no doubt distrusted the sincerity of Haig's description of him as "most qualified" for the Chairman's job, but was it necessary to coach the reader by parenthetically labeling Haig's remark "window-dressing"? By this time, the reader knows *ad nauseam* Zumwalt's feelings about Haig.

In his preface, Zumwalt approves the usual practice of reticence on the part of retired military officers but goes on to depart deliberately from the practice because he feels—not surprisingly—that the American people need to know. Perhaps they do, but has Zumwalt hereby set a new precedent? Shall we look forward to the notes of Admirals Anderson, Moorer, Holloway, Kidd, and Rickover, plus Generals Brown, Westmoreland, and Chapman? Admiral Zumwalt argues that it is not specifically Watergate, but the "Nixon-Kissinger" system that led lower officials to bypass regular channels, to engage in "below-stairs intrigues," and to make "the photo-copying machines hum day and night." If so, Admiral Zumwalt proved to be up to the challenge of the "Nixon-Kissinger system," as he is at great pains to make clear with no false modesty.

But there is another, deeper, question. Feeling as strongly as he did, might he have considered resignation? Of course, disagreement does not compel resignation as long as one can still give one's loyalty and best efforts to the objectives the leadership is pursuing. But in his preface Admiral Zumwalt says, "I had decided by the middle of my watch that I could not remain on the 'team'—it was more like a suicide squad—and I did not." But, if he did not, then of what team was he a member? Doubtless, he considered he was serving a "higher loyalty," perhaps the same that he recently served as a candidate for the U.S. Senate from the state of Virginia. An unusual practice for a military man, but then we are living in unusual times.

My favorite part of the book is Chapter 1, entitled "My Favorite War Story." As a postwar Shanghai hand myself, I was enchanted by the rollicking story of a young Navy lieutenant named Zumwalt who seized an enemy vessel at the end of the war and made the Japanese crew sail him into Shanghai, where he linked up with friendly forces coming from the West, and then went on to find and marry a radiant young Shanghai Russian named Mouza. That story alone was worth the price of the book. □

The Failure of Modern Architecture
By Brent C. Brolin
Van Nostrand Reinhold, 128 pp., $11.95

BACK TO BACH

RUTH BERENSON

"Revisionism" may be a dirty word in the Communist lexicon, but in architectural circles these days it's the latest trend. For over half a century, architects have been mouthing the modernist dicta —"Form Follows Function," "Less Is More," "A House Is a Machine for Living." Accordingly, they have encircled the globe with glass-and-concrete look-alikes that make downtown Nairobi hardly distinguishable from downtown Grand Rapids. Now reaction has finally set in. Nineteenth century buildings, which only five years ago were still classified as examples of urban blight fit for the slag heap, are once again

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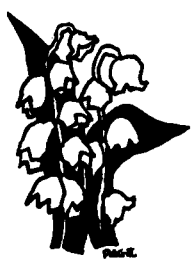
being admired, refurbished, photographed, and studied. Last year the Museum of Modern Art, the original champion of functionalism in this country, set its seal of approval on the new revisionism with a scholarly survey of the accomplishments of that fountainhead of nineteenth century eclecticism, the once unmentionable Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Brent C. Brolin's book, a slashing indictment of modernist architecture and the assumptions underlying it, is another sympton of the trend.

THE MODERNIST credo, as taught at most architectural schools (including Yale, Mr. Brolin's alma mater), makes the twentieth century triumvirate of Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, and Le Corbusier a new Holy Trinity. Not Mr. Brolin. On the contrary, he believes they failed, both as practicing architects and as theoreticians. "After fifty years of indoctrination," he writes, "the majority of the public remain indifferent to the modern aesthetic because architects have insisted on imposing their values on a public that did not share them." All the architects' proselytizing has not persuaded people to give up their privacy for wall-less "open plans," made them prefer impersonal apartments to their own houses, or taught them that plain surfaces are more beautiful than ornamented ones, central air-conditioning pleasanter than windows that open.

Their clients' wishes, however, are of no importance to modernist architects, who, as Mr. Brolin points out, are concerned "with how people should live rather than how they do live." In other words, they are less interested in creating beautiful, useful buildings than in being social engineers. They consider popular preferences, when at variance with their own, to be not just aesthetically bad but morally wrong—a view that, granted, goes back to Ruskin (who condemned Renaissance architecture as immoral because of the deplorable goings-on of Renaissance princes and churchmen) and beyond. Today's architects plead to be allowed to tear down the cluttered, dirt-encrusted cities of the past so that they can erect antiseptic New Jerusalems for everyone, whatever his nationality or way of life.

It was Walter Gropius and his associates at the Bauhaus in the 1920s whose pronouncements proved most influential in determining the course of architecture, even after that institution fell victim to Hitler and most of its leaders, including Gropius himself, emigrated to this country. It was Gropius who insisted on the necessity for minimum housing standards which could be adapted for use anywhere. He dismissed single-family dwellings as obsolete (although, as Mr. Brolin fails to note, he designed many of them both here and in Europe, and was a pioneer advocate of the pre-fabrication of interchangeable parts): they were uneconomical and, since in his view people lacked "a natural attachment to the ground," unnecessary. High-rises were the answer, for they were "honest" and expressive of "machine-age technology"; furthermore, by enabling people to live in close proximity to one another, they would bring them closer together. In hindsight, of course, we can only smile wryly at these predictions of a new Golden Age—but the glass-and-concrete boxes in which people all over the world not only live, but work, enjoy themselves, and worship, will be with us for a long time. (Except, as Mr. Brolin notes, in tropical climates, where the concrete often starts cracking before the building is finished.)

Mr. Brolin's indignation at the doctrinaire cant of architectural modernism is perfectly justified and, in fact, long overdue. His proposed remedy—that architects stop trying to tell people how they should live and start trying to understand how they do live and how they want to live, what are their traditions, habits, values—is also full of good sense, though the examples pictured in his book, mostly his own designs, seem rather pedestrian. But it is unfortunate that in his zeal to point out the flaws inherent in modernist theory, he completely ignores the masterpieces which these past fifty years have produced, leaving the reader with the impression that little would be lost if everything built from, say, 1920 to 1970 were reduced to rubble.



Yet this period has in fact produced architects who, perhaps despite their theories, have created great buildings: Frank Lloyd Wright, for instance, who isn't even mentioned—and, yes, Gropius, Mies, and Corbusier. Not all their buildings work: the curators who have to hang flat pictures on the curved walls of Wright's Guggenheim Museum probably curse him at every exhibition; as Mr. Brolin explains in fascinating detail, the inhabitants of Chandigarh, built by Corbusier as the new capital of the Indian state of Punjab, use neither his apartments nor his city plan as the architect intended. Still, the vast unencumbered interior space of the Guggenheim is as awesome as that of Michelangelo's St. Peter's, and so, in a different way, is Corbusier's Ronchamp Chapel. Nor does the continuing debasement of Mies's skyscraper style render his own work—the Chicago Lake Shore Apartments or New York's Seagram Building—any the less austerely beautiful. As a whole, modernism may have failed, and architects of the future will certainly have to rethink their priorities. But only at their peril will they ignore the masterpieces of their immediate predecessors. □

The Gift of Inner Healing
By Ruth Carter Stapleton
Word Books, 115 pp., $4.95

WOULD JESUS MIND?

PATRICIA S. COYNE

Five years ago, had we known that such a diverse cast of characters as Charles Colson, the Galloping Gourmet, Eldridge Cleaver, and the Democratic presidential nominee would announce their rebirth and publicly declare they were now living their lives for Christ, we'd have concluded that the America of the late Seventies would be a zany place indeed. And had we known that the *New York Times Book Review* would give prominent space to a respectful review of a Waco, Texas, religious press product by a woman evangelist who insists that visions of Jesus heal psychic scars, we would have feared for the sanity of that august publication. But it has all happened.

Under ordinary circumstances, *The Gift of Inner Healing* would have been distributed only through religious bookstores and so would have been totally ignored by the literary Establishment. But the circumstances are not ordinary. Ruth Carter Stapleton has a brother with certain modest political ambitions. And because she is Jimmy Carter's sister, her book will continue to receive a great deal of unnatural attention in unlikely places.

But this is not the right book for that attention, and I say this with regret, for I too am a "born again." I know the

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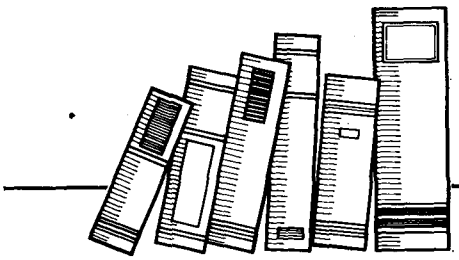


Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

EVER WONDER how consumerist Ralph Nader contrives to cover so many bases—product safety, dangerous cars, food and drugs, atomic power, congressional malfeasance?

An answer of sorts appears in a couple of recently published volumes, one by Nader (more or less) and one about him. The book by Nader is a study coauthored with associates Mark Green and Joel Seligman (*Taming the Giant Corporation*, Norton, $10.50) arguing the need for federal chartering of corporations. This latest of Nader schemes, presented as a procedural reform, would effectively put the collectivist hammer to American business.

Taming reveals the Nader method in its pristine form. Having picked a target for annihilation, one sends forth a team of eager researchers to assemble a hodge-podge of negative data about it from every conceivable source, lumps the resulting input together in any old fashion, and describes the product as a "report." In the present case, Nader and Co. have cranked out an anthology of critical quotes about American corporations, relying on such impartial sources as Senator Philip Hart and former trust-buster Donald Turner, to argue that industrial concentration ratios are unacceptably high (not proved), that this establishes the sway of "monopoly power" (it doesn't), and that draconian action by the Feds is indicated (it isn't).

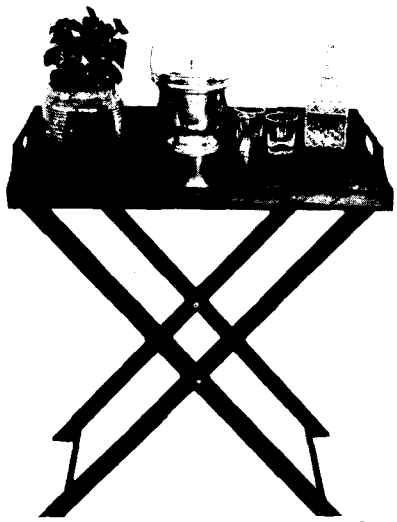
How Nader goes about creating such a package is explained by liberal journalist David Sanford in *Me & Ralph* (New Republic Press, $7.95). Sanford, a disillusioned Nader fan and helper, describes the often slapdash methods by which Nader research efforts go forward, recalls attempts to force the findings into predetermined channels, and details the pressures by which Nader goads his minions on in pursuit of his obsessions. The process is so unpleasant, Sanford charges, that many researchers fall by the wayside and many projects are never completed. So I guess we can be thankful we aren't getting all the Nader we're paying for.

For those who prefer the facts to Naderite assumptions, Richard Posner's *Antitrust Law: An Economic Perspective* (Chicago, $15) should provide a welcome change of scenery. Posner is both a lawyer and an economist, and his careful survey of corporate behavior, the relevant law on antitrust, and the economic costs and benefits of intervention is everything the Nader-Seligman-Green effusion is not. Posner's learning is immense, his reasoning the soul of elegance.

Posner acknowledges that the prospect of collusive pricing (the quintessential "monopoly" evil) is enhanced by high degrees of economic concentration —indeed, he insists on it—but shows convincingly that concentration *per se* is not the problem, and that for a variety of reasons monopoly pricing occurs but rarely in our economy. Product substitution, competitive entry, changing technology, and incentives to "chisel" a price to grab a larger market share are usually sovereign against the most secure cartel.

THE AUTHOR concludes that monopoly pricing above competitive levels is unusual, that the social costs are limited though real (estimated at 1 per cent of GNP, though this is admittedly understated), and that the costs incurred in an elaborate process of antitrust enforcement in the courts may well exceed the costs imposed by the liberal bugbear of monopoly. His proposal: Punish demonstrated cases of collusive price behavior rather than fooling with the rest of it.

Posner's favored method of enforcement is a fine, adjusted to the social cost of the offense; and in this he is seconded by Virginia economists Kenneth G. Elzinga and William Breit. In *The Antitrust Penalties* (Yale, $10), these authors review existing sanctions in the antitrust repertoire, concluding that they are mostly counterproductive. More strictly technical than Posner, this study is nonetheless a good example of the ingenious effort that is currently being made to apply the findings of economics to a wide variety of social problems. □



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experience and I can attest to its validity. One critic recently suggested that the whole thing is nothing more than a socially acceptable way of having a nervous breakdown. Now I know nothing about this critic's social circle, but I can attest that in my own it is infinitely more socially acceptable to have a nervous breakdown than it is to get saved. Nor, when you have been dragged fighting and kicking into a relationship with Christ, are you going to be impressed when the cynics tell you it is all wish-fulfillment.

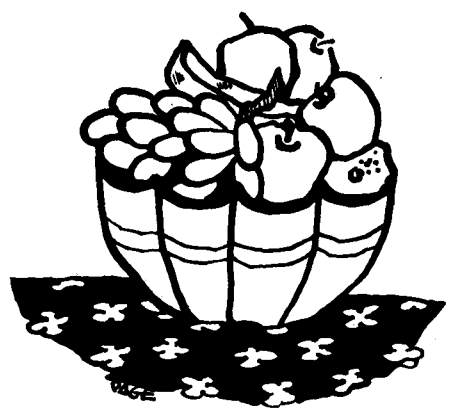
But in spite of all this—or perhaps because of it—I wish Mrs. Stapleton had written a different book. *The Gift of Inner Healing* is a fine book for a certain audience, but because of the identity of the author's brother it will be read by large numbers of skeptics who hope to find out what this religion business is all about and how it will affect the next Administration. And they are apt to come away convinced that, just as they suspected, it's all nonsense, packaged in hyped-up soap-opera journalese.

In the first place, there is the style. Mrs. Stapleton can *speak* most convincingly of her beliefs. I have heard her at the National Press Club, a citadel of skeptical agnosticism, field an hour's worth of questions on her religious experiences with grace and style and intelligence. But here she stumbles into all the snares set for amateur writers. We can almost hear faceless failed novelists at the Famous Writers School whispering into her ear (or the ear of a zealous Waco editor), "Show, don't tell," as she struggles to transform each situation into drama. She begins chapters with grabbers—" 'This woman is a witch disguised as an angel of light!' I couldn't believe my ears. He meant me." And she insists on recounting everything in not altogether authentic-sounding dialogue. "Ruth, I just don't see it. But I have that Alka-Seltzer-stomach feeling that *you* think I do."

I can't completely fault Mrs. Stapleton for this. Actually, I am convinced that God's prime concern is not in elevating the literary taste of His flock. And He might even be happy to forget good taste altogether when it gets in the way of that prime concern. But the style of this book will merely increase the skepticism of the sophisticated.

And its content will not in any way enlighten politically curious readers; it will merely frustrate them. For the bulk of the book is made up of case histories of mentally troubled people put right by the author through a process she calls "faith imagination." She asks her patient to think back to incidents which helped cause his problem, and then invites him to visualize Jesus re-enacting the situations as He would have willed them to happen. A homosexual damaged in childhood by male neglect finds Jesus ready to play baseball with him. A woman terrified in childhood by a thief hiding under her bed finds that Jesus directs the child and her mother to prepare a banquet and then places the burglar at the head of the table as the honored guest.

Mrs. Stapleton's methods have come under attack in fundamentalist Christian circles. Her aim in this book is to justify those methods within those circles, and I think she manages to do this successfully. But she does little or nothing for the average agnostic, who is skeptical of supernatural manifestations of any kind and will certainly be skeptical of Jesus playing baseball with a homosexual. And she will raise eyebrows also among the more traditionally religious of her readers who see God as an awesome and majestic historical force.



Mrs. Stapleton makes no attempt to deal with this sort of skepticism. But I believe she should have. The *New York Times* reviewer, for instance, asks whether Jesus minds being used this way. This is the kind of question that born-again Christians could not imagine being asked within their own circles. But I believe the author should have foreseen it. There is after all a convincing answer, just as there are convincing answers to all the questions this book raises.

As it is, *The Gift of Inner Healing* will, I am afraid, merely undermine the cause its author espouses. □

FICTION

Protocol of a Damnation
By Peter Berger
Seabury, 208 pp., $7.95

GNOSTIC AND AGNOSTIC

NOEL PERRIN

All of these people except Cabral (who is there only in Jacob van Buren's mind) are gathered in Ascona and Ombelico, Switzerland, in the summer of 1965:

Jacob van Buren, age 48, tattooed Dutch photographer and narrator of this book. Many years ago, hiding out from the Japanese in Indonesia, he had what he calls "an inkling of a supernatural reality." It lasted three weeks. Since then he has been a confirmed agnostic.

Brother Karpistes, age unknown, a confirmed Gnostic. Formerly a French Dominican. Discoverer (or perhaps inventor) of the Oracles of Kimon the Pneumatic, a Gnostic scripture. Now heads a small Gnostic community in Cannes.

Dr. Langbein, age about 65. Formerly a German Lutheran church historian. Now leads a rival Gnostic community (it has six members) in Ombelico, Switzerland.

Dottie La Farge, age 50, a platinum-blonde American widow from Indiana. She now divides her time between Switzerland and Rome. The financial angel of Langbein's community.

Mr. Johnson, age 60, an American widower from Ohio. The financial angel of Brother Karpistes' community.

Raymond Dell, a young American gigolo. Currently living with Dottie in Ascona, Switzerland, a few miles from Ombelico. At one time a Methodist seminarian. Just possibly an angel in another sense.

Olga, a Polish girl in her twenties. Extraordinarily sensitive to the emanations given off by places where people have died in pain and terror, such as battlefields and the sites of concentration camps. For this reason she cannot live in Poland at all.

Riggi, a Swiss ecumenicist from Geneva. Formulator of the "Riggi Synthesis." Not in the least concerned with the truth or falsity of any given religion, but only with arranging acceptable compromises.

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Karstmann, a handsome German industrialist in his fifties. For about three weeks during World War II he was on special duty in eastern Poland. His temporary job: to conduct mass executions of Poles. "About a hundred children" (his estimate) were included.

Jutta Karstmann, "a cool Teuton beauty," his daughter. A very nice girl.

Pedro Cabral, a Portuguese mystic and once the owner of a small store in Dutch Indonesia. Killed by Indonesian nationalists a few days after the Dutch left.

However many novels you have read, you have almost certainly never read one like this. On one level it is a theological farce. Dottie La Farge (and she is dotty) is financing an inter-Gnostic conference. Let's call it Ombelico I. She hopes to bring about a reconciliation between the dozen-member Karpistean church and the half-dozen-member Langbeinean, thus reuniting all the followers of Kimon the Pneumatic. There are strong echoes of some much larger ecumenical efforts within Christianity. The author's view of such efforts may be indicated by the fact that the principal result of the inter-Gnostic conference is an affair between Dottie and Mr. Johnson—who then withdraw their support from *both* groups.

On another level, Peter Berger's remarkable novel is a serious account of a soul's losing itself. You almost have to go back to Marlowe and Faustus to find another like it. We have trivialized the concept of damnation. In the twentieth century it is the subject of cheap movies about possessed children and silly novels about people who sell themselves to a red-flannel devil. No one with a mental age over ten (a category that includes, though barely, the makers of the films and the writers of the novels) supposes that the universe is really like that. But the damnation of Karstmann is a scene from reality. There will be people reading this review who have been offered, at a party, just such a chance at repentance as he had, who failed just as he did to see what was happening, and who embraced their lasting damnation.

But ultimately the novel is about something still more serious than that. It is about the chance one has, in the twentieth century, of encountering the Other—whether through absurd Gnostic sects, or through official mainline religious channels, or through whispers and hints and possibilities. Peter Berger, who is a very distinguished sociologist of religion, is one of the few people who can bring such a thing off. (Walker Percy is, I think, another, as he showed in *The Moviegoer.*)

As a novel, *Protocol* has flaws. In particular, Mr. Berger sometimes moves his characters around as openly as a chess player moves his pieces. Some of the rich potential in the scenes is developed only halfway. But the depths in this book are very deep indeed. And the comedy is very funny. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

KNOWLEDGE AND POLITICS, *by Roberto Mangabeira Unger (Free Press, 336 pp., $12.95).* This is an imposing book—in more senses than one. Mr. Unger's erudition is vast and, I think, genuine. He does not hide it. He also has an incisive mind, in some ways original. His sentences are clear. I think that many of his critical insights are correct. Despite all these virtues, I found his book hard to read and grew increasingly irritated as I read on. The level of abstraction is so relentlessly high that the reader ultimately feels dizzy and disoriented, as though suffering from oxygen deprivation. There are too few illustrations or historical descriptions to suggest the concrete and specific meaning, the difference that all these abstract propositions make. Consequently, one is left indifferent. Yet the topic is intended to be historical: a critique of liberal political theory from what is perhaps best described as an idiosyncratic Hegelian viewpoint. The great effort demanded of the reader to learn the author's language—a language which has its angular charms—is not justifiable, unless that language is used to talk about things we could not talk about, or talk about as well, in the less abstract language in which we normally communicate. These things never are revealed. I found no things previously unsaid—if in less Hegelian ways—nor new solutions to the problems so laboriously restated. *Knowledge and Politics* probably helped the author clarify important matters of social philosophy in his mind. But I don't think he helps the reader, who either already knows what the author is trying to tell him, or cannot follow him. Perhaps the last sentence of the book should be quoted (to be fair, the work as a whole is not quite as pretentious): "But our days pass and we still do not know you fully: Why then do you remain silent? Speak, God." Seldom has *Deus absconditus* been addressed with so much chutzpah.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

LIES, DAMN LIES, AND STATISTICS, *by Michael Wheeler (Liveright, 300 pp., $9.95).* Ours is a society mesmerized by rankings.

(Continues on page 1367)

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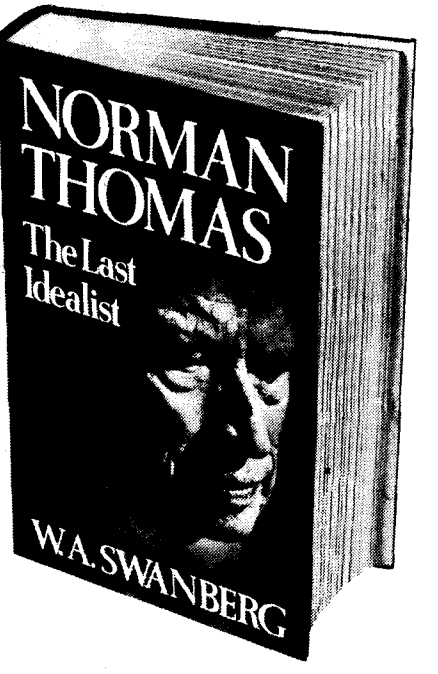

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

WALTER B. WRISTON:

On Predictions.

The people who have come closest to predicting the future are some . . . science fiction writers, unencumbered by elaborate research or prestigious committees, but with the courage to dream. Jules Verne's wild imagination proved to be more prophetic than the calculations of Malthus. (Actual title: *Whale Oil, Baby Chicks, and Energy.*)

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REYNOLDS

(Continued from page 1347)

special programs that would qualify for tax credit status.

Federal programs could be exempted from meeting the same standards as private or local-government programs, although it would be more equitable and efficient if the same standards were applied to all programs. Any taxpayer who did not use his full tax credit would be implicitly voting his preference for federal welfare. The choice could even be made explicit, by providing a box on the tax return indicating how any unused welfare credit is to be distributed among a few broad categories of federal programs.

Objections to this plan generally reveal a lack of confidence in taxpayers' ability to make intelligent decisions. Yet the establishment of federal standards should appease this frankly elitist concern.

Academics tend to prefer the idea of a single nationwide welfare plan, which is easy enough to put down on paper but obviously impossible to put into practice. And there is no obvious reason why we should establish a stifling monopoly in welfare services, when it is widely acknowledged that competition encourages innovation and weeds out those suppliers who do not cater to a variety of demands at the lowest possible cost.

The proposed tax credit scheme is, of course, vulnerable to the same charge of being politically unrealistic. But it is not the economist's task to decide which ideas will sell in the political market place. That job is better left to the public and to political entrepreneurs. The economist can only provide guidance as to how to obtain the most benefits at the least cost. A competitive welfare system clearly meets this criterion. □

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1365)

The soothsayer of yore has been replaced by the public opinion pollster, who stands ready to interpret our every inclination. Gallup, Harris, and Nielsen have become a kind of secular trinity for those in search of the national soul. Politicians and business executives seldom make a move without their counsel, which is to say a great deal about the source of decision-making in America. Such is the disturbing thesis of Mr. Wheeler's biting study of the pollsters and their capacity to manipulate the very opinion they purport to reflect. Poorly phrased questions, arbitrary random samplings, unscrupulous field workers, and ideological blind spots are just some of the variables that tend to distort any "scientific survey." Yet so Pavlovian is our dependence upon the process that, when events run counter to the predictions, we suspect the fault must somehow lie within ourselves. Disabusing the reader of this and other myths, Wheeler cautions that polls be viewed with the skepticism they deserve. As the old saw reminds us, "Figures can lie and liars can . . ." ALAN L. MILLER

THE POVERTY OF POWER, *by Barry Commoner (Knopf, 314 pp., $10).* Thirteen years more and this book would be the perfect bicentennial commemoration for the revolution—the French Revolution, for it is a superb 1789 reprise. Its ideas on property are in lineal descent from Gracchus Babeuf, who proclaimed that institution a form of theft and even homicide. Moreover, its pastoral chic faithfully echoes the milkmaids of Versailles or, better yet, the *Paul et Virginie* overtones from some *philosophe*'s salon. On the other hand, if it had appeared just a few years ago, its apocalyptic ramblings on the fundamental interrelationship of economic, ecological, and energy crises would have perfectly complemented the prose of Charles Reich and Teilhard de Chardin, especially as *Poverty* bears about the same relation to the analytics of power as *The Greening of America* does to politics, or *The Phenomenon of Man* to theology. Significantly, trendy reviewers, while plugging the book, caution avoidance of both its science and its economics, where some critical arguments—such as Commoner's extrapolation of the falling rate of profit—seem capable of inversion into an apologia for finance capitalism. One is left with no answers, but a few good questions. And indeed, if the right question is more important than the right answer, *Poverty of Power* is—quite by accident—an abrasive and uncivil contribution to the social device we know as the dialogue. GERALD T. DUNNE

A FEAST OF SNAKES, *by Harry Crews (Atheneum, 177 pp., $7.95).* If the essence of this novel had been distilled and sprayed over the East and West Coast voting populace, with additional heavy dustings above certain Midwestern centers, Jimmy Carter wouldn't have stood a chance of copping the presidential gonfalon. For what Mr. Crews has done is to gargantuanize every fetid nightmare non-Southerners have about the ways of their crazed brethren below the ole Mason-Dixon line. Nouveau-South mutterings wouldn't last two rounds with Crews, who writes from a truly grotesque Southern Gothic vision. He populates the fictional town of Mystic, Ga. with characters that seem harmless enough: huge, illiterate football players; shuffling, moonshine-drinking blacks; gorgeous, nymphomaniac cheerleaders. He creates Mystic, Georgia's Annual Rattlesnake Roundup, from which he proceeds to flog every bit of snake imagery possible. Snake bearers and snake hunters collide and in many demonic scenes debate the proposition: Resolved, the right guys won the Civil War. MICHAEL C. BROWN

LETTER TO MY MOTHER, *by Georges Simenon (Harcourt, 91 pp., $5.95).* This is ostensibly a new kind of book for Simenon ("Having put his many-roomed house near Lausanne up for sale and changed his mode of life drastically," says the dustjacket blurb, "Simenon also changed his writing habits. His creative powers are now channeled into autobiographical and confessional reminiscences, which he no longer types but dictates"), but in one sense the newness is probably more important to Simenon than to the reader. For he is doing in *Letter to My Mother* essentially what he has always done, both in his *romans policiers*, where Maigret solves crimes not with Holmesian deduction from physical clues but rather by entering into the criminal's mind, and in his *romans psychologiques*, where the narrator begins from an established point of view and works backward and forward over time to correct his perceptions. The difference here is that the narrator is Georges Simenon, and the character whose motives he is trying to divine is his own loved-hated mother. There are, alas, other differences as well. Despite its smallness, the book is repetitive in a way that suggests it was indeed not typed but dictated: and perhaps also that its subject robbed the author of the ruthlessness essential to artistic control. This is not helped by the translated-from-the-French quality stamped all over Ralph Manheim's translation. Those who do not know Simenon's work are advised to start elsewhere—*The Confessional*, or almost any Maigret book. However, dyed-in-the-wool Simenon fans will be interested, and I hope moved, by the real-life basis for the novelist's preoccupations. LINDA BRIDGES

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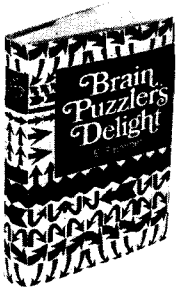

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Department of What?

On The Right

New York, Nov. 19—In September of 1963, I wrote in this column that the late George Sokolsky, a syndicated columnist, had summoned Roy Cohn to Sokolsky's summer place in Otis, Massachusetts, there to give him information from a confidential source. It was this: that Robert Kennedy, the Attorney General, had vowed to "get" Roy Cohn. Many readers scoffed at this allegation. And then, after the tragedy at Los Angeles, a discussion of the matter was somehow distasteful. Any criticism of Robert Kennedy tasted vaguely Sirhanite. But the deposition of Professor Younger in the October issue of *Commentary* cannot be ignored.

Irving Younger, now a professor of law at Cornell University, was once a young Assistant Attorney on the staff of Robert Morgenthau, who was then United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. One morning the buzzer on Younger's desk rang, requiring his immediate presence in the office of his chief.

Thither he repaired, to find sitting opposite Morgenthau no less a presence than the chief law enforcement officer of the United States, Robert Kennedy. Kennedy's single exchange with Younger was a nod of the head when Younger came in; nothing when he left. Morgenthau did all the talking. The Department, Morgenthau said, "has a special interest in Roy Cohn." The idea was to consolidate all anti-Cohn activity under a single prosecutor, and for this Younger had been selected. It was believed that Cohn could most easily be brought to justice by penetrating the secrets of the Brandel Trust, a Liechtenstein entity managed through a Swiss bank. Brandel had engaged in stock manipulation of the Gulf Coast Leaseholds Company. Hours later, Younger found himself in Zurich, armed with a letter of accreditation from Robert Morgenthau, talking to the trustees of the Brandel Corporation, and here was the deal.

If the Swiss agent (a Mr. Hagenbach) would agree to turn over all Brandel's records which would then be plumbed for anti-Cohn droppings and used at trial, the Justice Department would drop the indictment of Hagenbach. "How can I be sure that it will happen?" Hagenbach asked, most reasonably. "I promise," Younger replied, there and then executing a letter giving the word of the Justice Department that within sixty days of receipt of the records, the indictment would be dropped. So that afternoon, Younger had the records.

To everyone's dismay, they turned up not a mention of Roy Cohn. So, blithely breaking his word, Morgenthau put off dropping the case against Hagenbach. He now wanted Hagenbach to come to New York. Here he suspected he could induce Hagenbach to talk with a man called Foley who was perhaps the front man for Cohn. So Hagenbach came to New York, where his movements were covered by no fewer than six FBI agents. He agreed to let them bug his room while he talked with Foley, but a) the mike didn't work; and b) Foley didn't mention Cohn (according to Hagenbach). So the whole case was handed over for prosecution, but, to the bitter disappointment of the Department of Justice, Cohn was not implicated in any way.

Next, Morgenthau worked lasciviously over Cohn's income tax returns, and off went Younger, this time to Panama, hoping to find something there on Cohn. Unfortunately, he didn't. Then he went off on another chase, to remote parts of the United States; but, again, he came back empty-handed. After a while, he quit to go into private practice.

It was while defending a client that he ran into an old associate from the Justice Department who wanted to know if it was true that Cohn had "gotten" to Morgenthau, who had then fired Younger for excessive zeal in the great hunt for Cohn. Younger was aghast at the suggestion that Morgenthau had turned soft on Cohn. He reminds us that in 1963, Morgenthau indicted Cohn for perjury and related crimes (the jury acquitted). And the death of Robert Kennedy renewed the determination of Morgenthau, who indicted Cohn in November of 1968 for fraud and related crimes (the jury acquitted). Two months later, he indicted Cohn for bribery and related crimes (the jury acquitted).

Professor Younger concludes his article, "Cohn's complaint of vendetta deserves attention. In 1961, the Department decided to 'get' Cohn—I know because I was there . . . It is one of the remarkable things in modern legal history that Cohn was never found guilty, for a maxim among prosecutors is that if you indict often enough you will ultimately convict. . . . If I possibly could, I was going to be the one to do the job the Department wanted done. Not once did I stop to think what it was a Department of."

Does the post-Watergate morality bind only Republicans? □

BUCKLEY DOWN *New York*, Nov. 4—The loss by Senator Buckley of New York might very well have happened in any event, up against Daniel Patrick Moynihan. For one thing, New York is the most liberal state in the country, and New York City is the nerve center of Left ideology. Patrick Moynihan, although he is an eloquent man, was not so eloquent as to persuade New Yorkers that he is as harebrained as Bella Abzug in domestic policies, so he got the moderate Democrats. Still, it is widely acknowledged that Senator Buckley lost principally because of his position a year ago on federal aid to New York City.

What was that position? It began by recognizing that New York City could not redeem its bonds, thanks to a record of fiscal profligacy going back over the years, but hitting lunatic highs in the administration of John Lindsay (who, let us note in passing, was more invisible in the last campaign than Typhoid Mary). Senator Buckley joined Secretary Simon and President Ford in insisting that New York City needed to clean its own house. In due course, New York having agreed to a measure of self-discipline, Senator Buckley endorsed the help proffered by Congress and backed by President Ford.

It was during the tensest period that

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the *New York Daily News* ran its famous headline, "Ford to City: Drop Dead." The *New York Daily News* has, over the years, had a most exemplary editorial policy, backing sensible proposals and scorning ideological fancies. Alas, the *News* beams its lectures to its readers, rather than to its managers. Economy, self-help, fiscal responsibility, are qualities you and I should practice, and maybe also Chicago and Los Angeles. The *News*' enthusiasm for fiscal responsibility tends to resemble Lockheed's enthusiasm for capitalism. When their own turf is troubled, the rules are suspended. The *News* accordingly endorsed Moynihan, who in the course of the campaign offhandedly endorsed every inflationary proposal of the Democratic Party, but promised to do everything he could to milk other communities for the benefit of the *Daily News*' constituents. It requires subtler intelligences than my own to explain the *News*' simultaneous endorsement of Gerald Ford over Carter. In any event, that endorsement of Moynihan was critical.

The *New York Times*, one reports happily, is scheduled very soon to do something about the awful embarrassment of its editorial page, which manages to combine in its more strident editorials an aridity of thought and a sibilance of tone. Thus the day after Buckley's defeat, it found itself nibbling away contentedly on the corpse, to wit: "The only occasion when . . . Senator James Buckley allowed events to draw on his store of energy and attention was the desperate moment when this city was about to plunge into bankruptcy. He then bestirred himself enough to wave the city on to its apparent doom."

What's wrong with that passage is a) the extraordinary discovery of Senator Buckley's alleged lassitude, never remarked by any of his critics ever before; b) its apparent ignorance of Senator Buckley's Stakhanovite record of activity in the Senate—it was as if the editorial writer had had to limit himself to reading about Senator Buckley's activities in the *New York Times*! And, of course, c) its perpetuation of the myth that it is to wave a city along toward doom to insist that the city stanch its fiscal lesions.

Senator Buckley didn't bring on the flight from New York of 650,000 jobs, a reflection of chaotic conditions and confiscatory taxation brought on by a succession of political leaders endorsed by the *New York Times*. And of course, New York did go bankrupt in fact, if not in form. Holders of its bonds were not paid off in the cash they demanded. They simply received other bonds. Anybody can do that, if you own the police.

What is ahead of us is the universalization of New York City's claims on the rest of the country. One of these days it will occur even to the best and brightest in New York that El Paso and Miami and Seattle can make identical claims, the numbers appropriately adjusted. Then the sky will be black with criss-crossing dollars, and the hypocrites will move about unseen, though their voices will continue to mock self-government. □

RHODESIAN UPDATE

New York, Nov. 15—Meanwhile, in Rhodesia . . .

Let us take a fix on how things are going. At the prodding of Henry Kissinger, Ian Smith agreed to program the ascendancy of the blacks in Rhodesia to the point, approximately two years away, where they would achieve effective domination. We then began hearing about Councils of State and of Ministers, with a white chairman for one, a black majority for the other, and one's attention wandered, even as it did in the old days when we were being shepherded about the beautiful schematic circuitry that would emerge in South Vietnam via a Government of National Reconciliation.

Then, when the gang all met in Geneva, it became plain that all these niceties didn't much matter. Each of the four black representatives wished to sound militant enough to please his constituency, Mr. Robert Mugabe's being those who would really prefer "liberation" through terrorist activity. These are a minority of the black population, to be sure; but their psychic need for bloody satisfaction is not an unrecognized phenomenon.

Years ago, the militant civil rights organizer Saul Alinsky commented that precisely the reason for the backwardness of Liberia is that it was handed its freedom (by the United States), and never had to fight for it. That is the justification for wresting power from the white population rather than acceding to power. Violence loves justification, and, after all, the blacks have a long way to go before they catch up with white men in this tribal art. There are still whites who justify the First World War, though they are dying off fast.

At Geneva, it became plain that all the weight of what is left of Great Britain needs to be invoked in order to achieve stability, however temporary. But Great Britain does not wish to intervene beyond acting in a kind of clerical capacity—and for this Ivor Richard is admirably suited, having practiced conciliation at the United Nations, criticizing Patrick Moynihan for speaking a few truths about the pretensions of the Third World. What this led to was impasse, and now Ian Smith has gone home, though the conference continues, and it is expected that in due course all the representatives will return to the bargaining table.

Now the talk continues of "majority rule." What is meant by that is black rule. The notion that blacks speak with a single voice may or may not be valid. No black can help but resent statutory discrimination. Thus one can speak of blacks in Rhodesia desiring the end of racial discrimination with some reason. What one cannot do with equal confidence is suppose that that which probably would replace the existing government is necessarily more pleasing than that government.

The tragedy is that the situation in Rhodesia encourages very little time for ratiocination. The blacks represented at Geneva see, pure and plain, a state liberated from white rule. The whites see a state liberated not only from white rule, but from majority rule of any sort: indeed, they foresee a state deprived of minority rights.

Mr. William Borders of the *New York Times*, writing not about Rhodesia but about India, gives us a striking juxtaposition. He quotes first the journalist Khushwant Singh, speaking nine years ago in Montreal. "We are free," he said, "our press is free. We speak our minds without having to look over our shoulders or having to lower our voices. I am emboldened to say that of the many countries of Asia and Africa which achieved freedom in the past twenty years, this is true only of one country, India."

AND THEN a passage from a recent speech by Sankar Ghose, Minister of State for Planning: "When the laws of a social organization are incompatible with its dominant needs, the outmoded laws have to be discarded. It is the dynamics of the social system that has to determine the nature and characteristics of the legal system, and not the other way around."

In due course, another version of the second of these statements will be used in Rhodesia to justify the oppression of blacks by blacks, even as, now, Indians are oppressing Indians. Perhaps this is bound to be, and no doubt the whites are in some measure responsible. But it is unreasonable to wonder why Ian Smith and his supporters are less than enthusiastic in racing toward a day that sees not only the end of white rule, but the end of black majority rule. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A chief justice of the U. S.; also first and middle names of two associate justices — 196 190 80 146 9 118 161 169 171 132 / 76 218

B. A type of a case — 20 15 18 155 56 94 114

C. Detective novel by Wilkie Collins (of interest to some astronauts) — 26 57 81 34 164 92 107 48 95

D. An early chief justice of the U. S. — 50 130 203 70 215 33 189 152 181

E. Sequence — 62 210 32 180 187 19 72 89 101 55

F. To talk pompously — 90 158 136 38 186

G. What Associate Justices Horace Gray, Henry B. Brown, and Edward D. White were (served simultaneously 1894-1902) — 106 175 131 205 14 73 5 88 170 113 / 138 151

H. An early associate justice — 157 39 69 193 144 51 115

I. One of six Supreme Court appointments by President Taft (one an elevation) — 45 74 82 86 97 28

J. This surrounds a yolk — 172 59 188 206 213 147 40 71

K. I presume you can name this associate justice — 176 201 49 91 150 160 35 178 194 58

L. A British medical periodical (perused by Dr. John H. Watson) — 217 77 30 183 61 52

M. Where a parrot might outbid you — 22 116 200 1 41 145 159

N. Most mentally unbalanced — 121 78 103 133 53 3 63 148

O. An associate justice whose name reminds one of the last chapters of *Genesis* — 135 87 4 24 64 2 16 36 54 60 / 85

P. Absolute — 197 119 31 8 137

Q. Charges — 140 10 209 120 79 149

R. Provoke — 17 43 139 84 199 122 166 153 129

S. Pieces of personal property — 167 104 65 163 134 177

T. Annoy — 83 25 109 141 93 44 156 182

U. Manifest — 126 110 185 207 66 173

V. What an aviator might do over downtown Chicago — 75 42 47 128 143 154 99 165 174 179 / 23

W. One of Charles Dickens' works — 204 37 46 184 191 216 11 168 6 27 / 127 162 100 21

X. Aquatic mammals — 12 124 192 214 208 67

Y. Brooklyn pitcher who won and lost in 1941 World Series — 98 112 202 212 211

Z. *Radiated* — 105 102 195 13 125 68 198

a. Our form of government — 7 29 96 108 111 117 123 142

1 M	2 O	3 N		4 O	5 G	6 W	7 a	8 P	9 A	10 Q		11 W	12 X	13 Z	14 G	15 B		16 O	17 R
18 B	19 E		20 B	21 W		22 M		23 V	24 O	25 T	26 C	27 W	28 I	29 a	30 L	31 P		32 E	33 D
34 C	35 K	36 O	37 W	38 F	39 H	40 J	41 M	42 V	43 R	44 T	45 I		46 W	47 V	48 C	49 K	50 D	51 H	52 L
53 N	54 O	55 E		56 B	57 C	58 K	59 J	60 O	61 L	62 E	63 N		64 O	65 S	66 U	67 X	68 Z	69 H	70 D
71 J	72 E		73 G	74 I	75 V	76 A		77 L	78 N	79 Q	80 A	81 C	82 I	83 T	84 R	85 O		86 I	87 O
	88 G	89 E	90 F	91 K	92 C		93 T	94 B	95 C		96 a	97 I	98 Y	99 V	100W		101E	102Z	
103N	104S	105Z		106G	107C	108a	109T	110U		111a	112Y		113G	114B	115H	116M	117a	118A	119P
120Q	121N	122R		123a	124X	125Z		126U	127W	128V	129R	130D	131G	132A	133N	134S		135O	136F
137P	138G	139R	140Q	141T	142a	143V	144H	145M	146A		147J	148N	149Q		150K	151G	152D		153R
154V	155B	156T		157H	158F	159M	160K	161A	162W	163S	164C		165V	166R	167S	168W	169A		170G
171A	172J		173U	174V	175G	176K	177S		178K	179V		180E	181D	182T	183L	184W		185U	186F
187E		188J	189D	190A	191W	192X	193H		194K	195Z		196A	197P	198Z	199R	200M	201K	202Y	203D
	204W	205G	206J	207U	208X		209Q	210E	211Y		212Y	213J	214X		215D	216W	217L	218A	

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1366 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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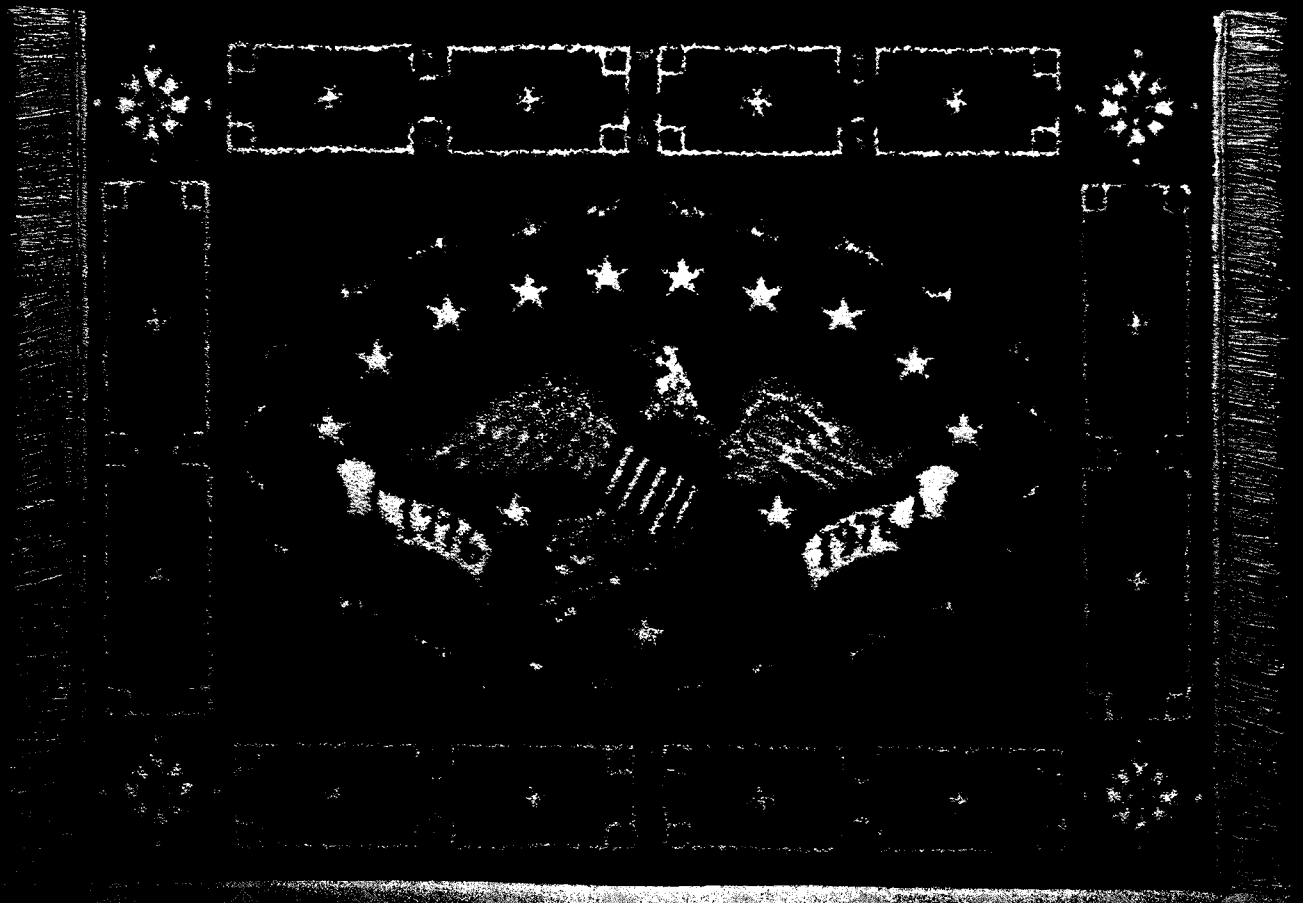

[illegible] rug.

[illegible] very special work of art you [illegible] on a wall. It's [illegible] that could become an [illegible] heirloom.

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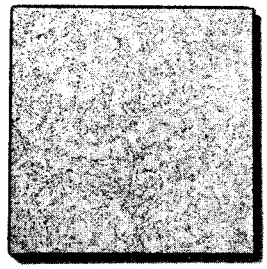
This is Antique Glass™, one of the new ceilings in the Armstrong Designer Series. Its bright reflective surface produces a new overhead brilliance.

Adding the extra dimension of color is important to a designer. Even in a ceiling. That's why Armstrong has created Antique Glass—one of four innovative new designs that give you a choice of something besides white.

Here, we've developed a sparkling mirrorlike look that reflects all the beauty of a room's surroundings. It shimmers and shines like glass itself, but since we've affixed a polymeric film surface to 12" x 12" mineral-fiber tile, it combines the unique visual appea of a mirrored surface with the added benefits of acous cal and fire-resistive properties. And that makes it a lo more practical than glass. Use it to make t ceiling an integral part of your interior de to add depth, geometry, definition. And u our other decorator ceilings—Corkstyle, Gold Leaf, Registry—for the same purpo Write us for the colorful details. Armstron 4207 Rodney Ave., Lancaster, Pa. 17604.



FROM THE INDOOR WORLD® OF Armstrong

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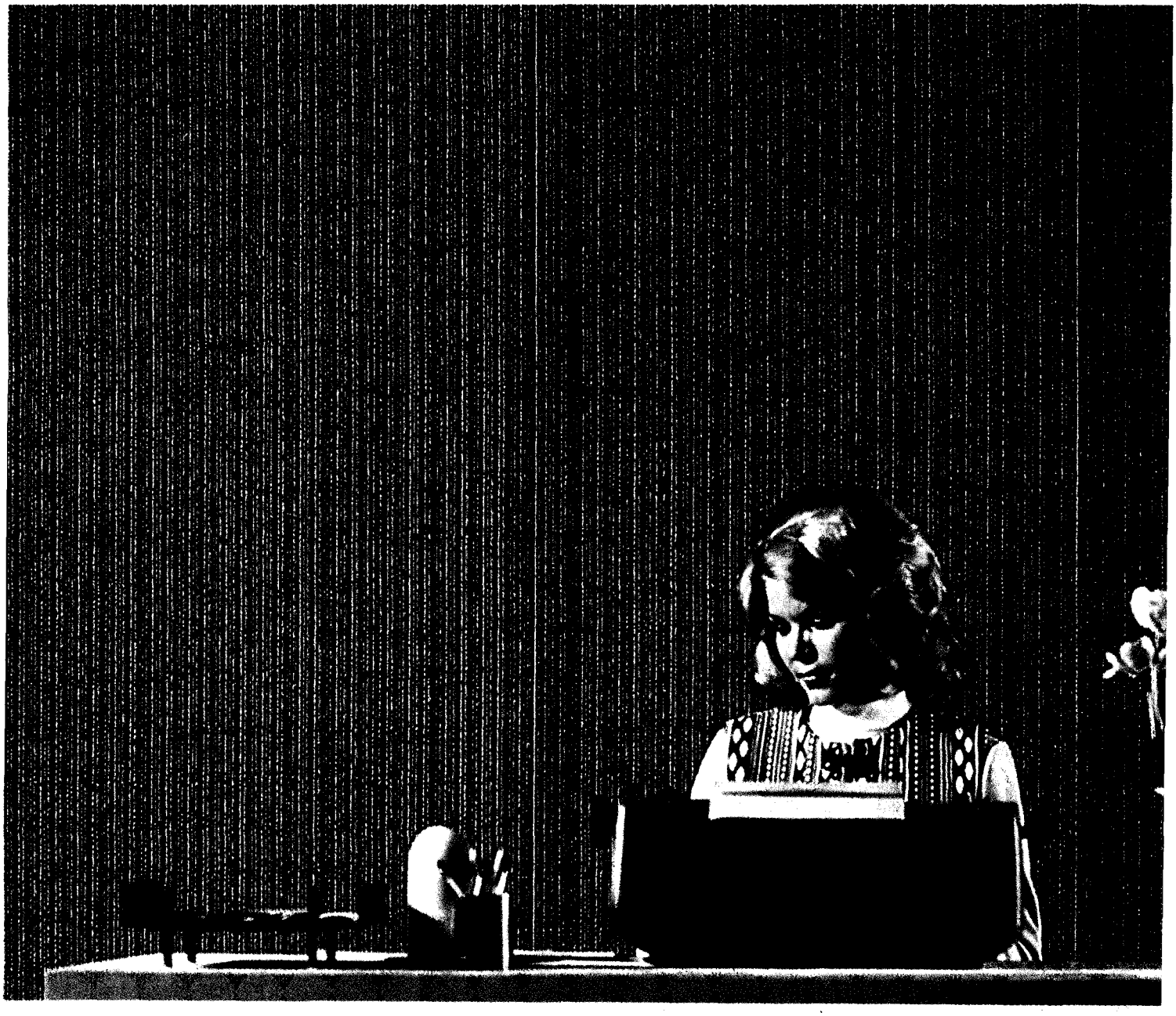
Soundsoak™ Wall Panels from Armstrong. Their quiet good looks are almost as pleasing as their acoustical efficiency.

The wall that contributes to beauty doesn't always contribute to silence. Carpeting or other fabrics, for instance, may look terrific, but their effect on interior noise leaves a lot to be desired.

Soundsoak Wall Panels are another story. Because only after we made them absorb noise did we make them radiate beauty. And we made them do both by taking perforated mineral-fiber board and covering it with a soft modacrylic fabric. What results is a ¾-inch panel that absorbs 60% of the sound that strikes its surface—a fabric surface blending fibers of various colorations with vertical embossing in an attractive visual. Available in twelve updated natural and accent colors.

Soundsoak Wall Panels are 30 inches wide and 9 feet high. They can be easily installed on interior plaster, drywall surfaces, brick or block walls by simply attaching aluminum splines and locking the panel edges around the splines for total concealment.

And whether you're concerned with new construction or renovation, you'll be hard put to find anything else that provides such a striking effect on the eye and such a quieting effect on the ear. To learn more, write Armstrong, 4206 May Street, Lancaster, Pa. 17604.



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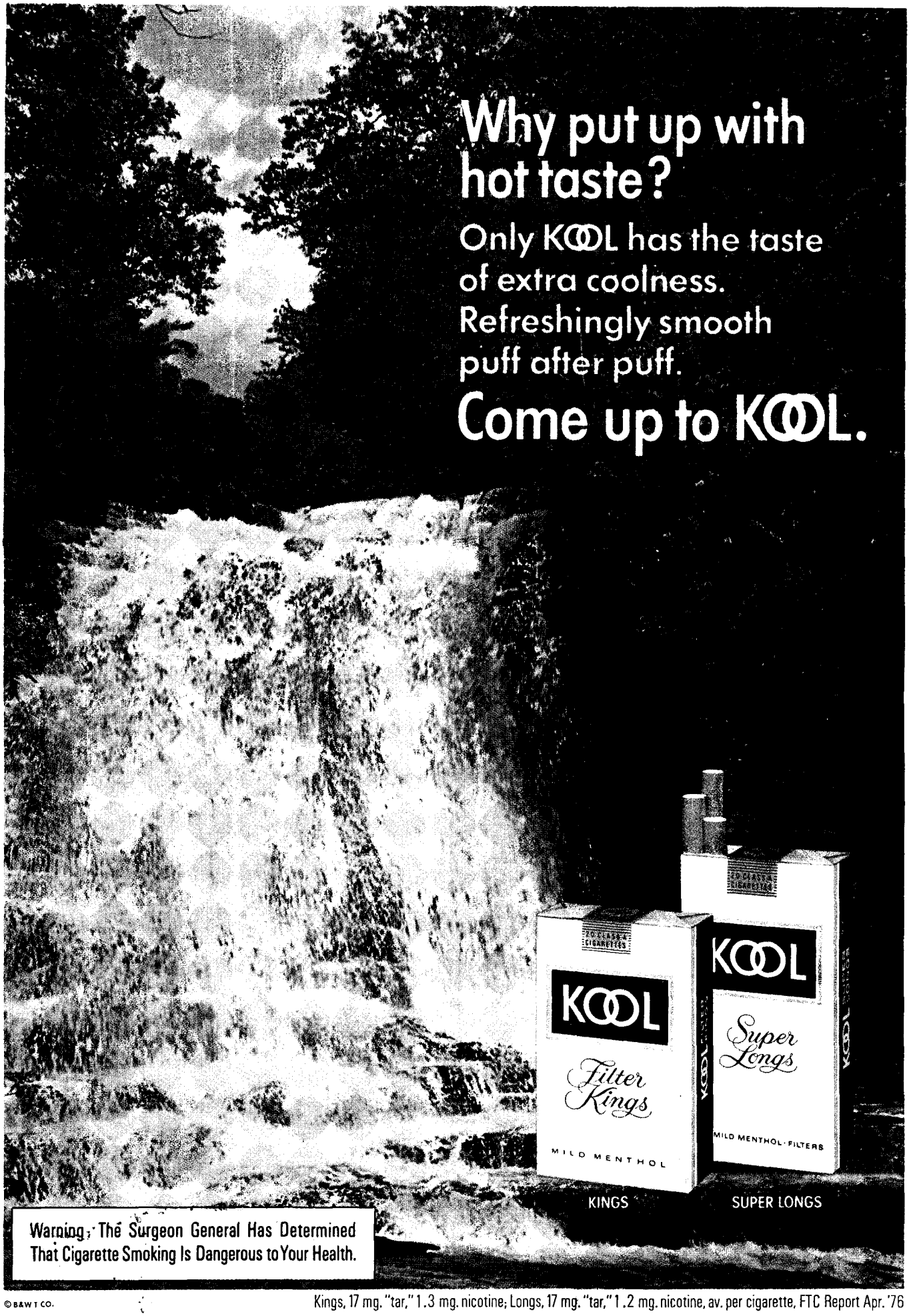
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

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